

Call Campaign
Fiends,
Battle Waging."

No. 42

tion Songs

ollow Thee of life the
Giver?"

un, a cleansing Fountain,
can wash all guilt away?
e sins rise as a mountain
g there? Oh, tell me pray
ot, resolved, and struggled,
ill I sink each day.

re is a Cleansing River,
stain it can deliver,
is, as fresh as ever,
and wash thy sins away.

Christ for thee were opened
ing on the cruel tree;
may now be canceled,
there was made for thee;
n another moment,
y Lord and be made free.

ream by faith I'm coming,
flow shall o'er me roll;
failures I am bringing,
dear Lord, my soul,
g, no merit pleading,
y Blood to make me whole!
—Brigadier Drabble

me along to Beulah."
I so true and precious,
dear to me;
o kind and tender,
so full and free,
not live without Him,
to feel Him nigh—
walk together,
and I.

walking on together
union sweet,
ving talk with me
moments quickly flee.
Joy complete,
walking on together
days go by,
moment can sever,
ends for ever—
and I.

oes faint and weary—
ows that I am weak;
me lean upon Him,
p, I gladly seek.
of light He leads me
owless, sunny sky—
walk together,
and I.

s how I am longing
s from sin to win
me go and say it—
ng word for Him,
me tell the story
me for us to die,
work together,
and I.

for the feast is spread"
"Robin Adair"
ny burdens bring,
them for me:
Love descend,
shadows flee;
brings its tears,
its gulf of years,
o' the mist of fears,
me to Thee.

er my soul each day,
me anew;
to toil, to wait
service true;
purge and purify,
and fortify,
and sanctify,
will to do.

cries out to be
at Thy feet:
until I know
munion sweet;
rd, I yield to Thee,
hat all may see
ly Thee in me,
e complete.

—B. Whittingham

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
161 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

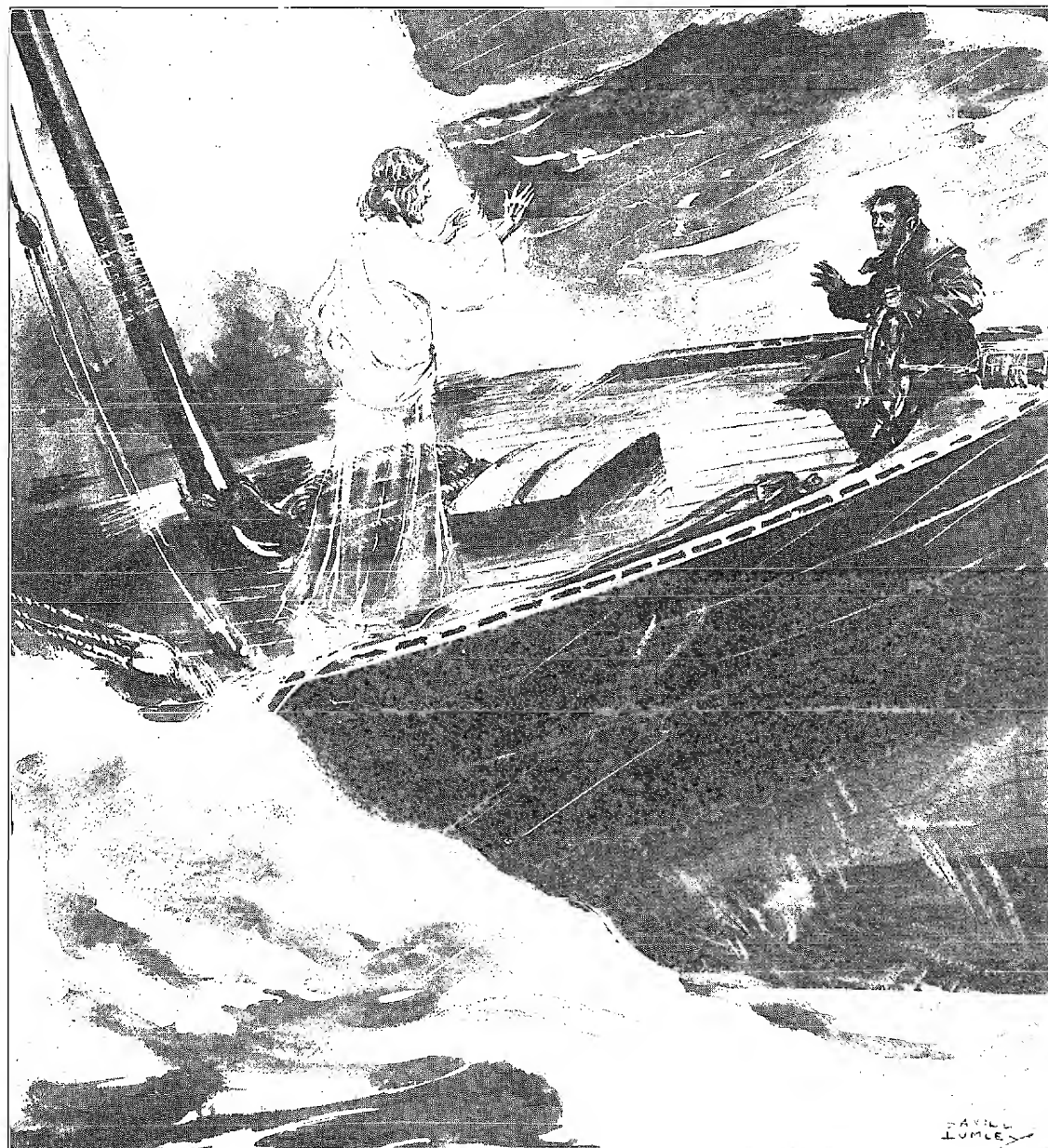
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



THE VOICE IN THE STORM

(See story on
page 3)

Daily Bible
Meditations

Sunday, 2nd Esther 1: 13-22. "Let the king give her royal estate unto another." "Fair to look on," and not without courage. Vashti was undoubtedly a queenly woman. She lacked, however, the humble grace and unselfish spirit of Queen Esther, who probably would have obeyed the king's foolish request, and that without loss of personal dignity or influence, for, "a gracious woman retaineth honor." (Prov. 1: 16). Vashti's proud, independent spirit cost her her throne, with its wide influence and opportunity for service.

Monday, 3rd Esther 2: 1-11. "She had neither father nor mother." Whilst an orphan is always to be pitied, in those days it was particularly hard, specially for a girl, to be bereft of her parents. But God raised up a friend and protector for Esther in Mordecai. She in return gave him love and honor, and repaid him with a gratitude and reverence greater than some daughters give to their parents today.

Tuesday, Esther 2: 15-23. "Esther obtained favor in the sight of all." This was not only on account of her beauty, but because of her unselfish, gentle spirit. We are told that "she required nothing but what the chamberlain appointed."

"Better than gold is a heart where contentment
Scatters its sunshine to lighten and bless
Treading its paths with no thought of resentment.
E'en though than others its share
may be less."

Wednesday, Esther 3: 1-7. "But Mordecai bowed not." And it took some courage to stand erect when everyone else was bowing low before the King's favorite! Perhaps you are the only one in your home, or workshop, or business house who is openly serving the Saviour. Do not get discouraged, but remember that some of earth's bravest and best have had to stand alone for the right, and, at times, have felt very lonely just as you do.

Thursday, Esther 3: 8-15. "The decree was given . . . and the king and Haman sat down to drink." So do cruel and unjust men often seem to triumph. Their plans to brush aside all who, in any way, interfere with their selfish ambition or lust for power, appear to succeed. But, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." (Psalm 2: 4). Ere long the righteous God shall arise to deliver His own and to execute judgment on their oppressors.

Friday, Esther 4: 1-9. "Then was the queen exceedingly grieved." Esther's promotion to wealth and honor had not spoiled her gentle, tender spirit, nor made her forgetful of those whom she had known and loved in earlier days. The sight of Mordecai's sorrow caused her great grief. Do you give over the sorrows of others? Lord, give us the grace of sympathy; save us from growing hard!

Saturday, Esther 4: 10-17. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" An opportunity comes to every soul to pour itself out for others. Most hesitate as Esther did while "counting the cost," but those who turn away, judging the cost too great, usually live to regret the lost opportunity.

"Oh! let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly-wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice."

"Meekness, is no craven spirit, since
in Christ Jesus it shone so luminously—
Jesus, to us the grace impart,
Which shone so bright in Thee,
The humble, meek, and lowly heart,
From pride and envy free."
"Is it not time that we should become
peace-makers in a world whose beauty is
marred by so much strife?"

MYSTERIOUS "ME"

Don't imagine that you are a nobody. Nature never repeats herself; you are unique and there is something for you to accomplish in the world that no one else can do.

HAVE you ever thought what an island you are? Your personality is completely surrounded by a sea that shuts you off from every other living thing. Not the wisest man can tell what you are thinking, feeling, hoping or fearing. If you would let anyone know, you must send out some signal.

You never thought of that before? Yet it is so, isn't it? You are so entirely yourself that no one, however inquisitive, can get any closer to that real self which is YOU than you allow them to get. No one can invade your insularity without your permission.

The poet claimed that he was captain of his soul. He may not have been in the sense in which he employed the phrase—he may have been the slave of habit. But there is a sense in which you are not only captain, but the whole crew.

Besides being insular, you are unique. You have no replica. Sometimes a painter will paint a picture and then paint another just like it. That is a replica. But Nature has no replicas. There have been countless millions of sunsets since the world was created, but none of them has been just exactly like any other.

There is no other person in the world like you. It is safe to say there never has been and there never will be.

That makes you a very valuable person, very important. You are a unique creation, a pattern of face and form and mind which will never be repeated.

A thing of which there is no other copy or specimen is always greatly prized. If it is a picture, a vase, a book, even a postage-stamp, people come from the ends of the earth to the auction-room to bid for it, and we marvel at the great sums they are willing to pay for its possession.

So you see, by that analogy you too must be of great value, and so you are. But these articles I have instanced are only things. They cannot think, and act, and choose, and decide, and plan as you can. So your value is greater, infinitely greater, than theirs.

You have something which no one else has—some gift, some influence, some knowledge, some skill.

I don't know what talent you have got which no one else has, but I know you have got it, that no one else has it, and that if you don't make the best and most of it, faithfully and thoroughly, it will be lost.

It will be like the idea of a building that never gets beyond the architect's mind, a theory never demonstrated, a

DO YOU?
"Forgive us our sins as we forgive them that sin against us."
How do you forgive? Do you say, "Yes, I've forgiven that man, but I never want to see him again?" Is that how God is to forgive you?
"Forgive us as we forgive."
"Yes, I've forgiven her, but I won't speak to her again."
"Forgive us as we forgive."
Do you wish God to forgive you like that?

seed which never grows to a flower. So when you imagine you are nobody, you are making a great and a foolish mistake. There's something for you to do in the world, while you are at it, which you alone can do, and if you leave it undone it will always remain undone.

That's responsibility, personal responsibility, and it is the sense of this which makes you a good citizen—yes, I will say it, because it is true—which makes you a good man.

We are prone to think of mankind in the mass, whereas the world is composed of millions of isolated entities like you and me, all specialised, all unique, all differing one from another, none alike, each with his job to do which none but he can do.

"You've said that twice!" you say. I know. I've said it twice because it is so important, and I want you to realise your own tremendous importance in the scheme of things.

John Bunyan was a tinker whom they threw into Bedford Gaol for his opinions. In those days they were trying to make everybody alike, in mind, in beliefs, in a whole host of things—like a box of tin soldiers.

Of course, they couldn't do it. It has often been tried, but has never succeeded. It was true in Bunyan's case, as in countless others, that:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

They could not imprison his personality. His soul was his own. It was free as air, and, being free, it went on a pilgrimage of the imagination from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, and by so doing that unique personality, which was John Bunyan, influences millions today, three centuries later.

You see, that happened to be John's special job. That was what he was made for, what he was meant to do.

It isn't your job. It was his, and no one could ever repeat it, try as he would. But you have your special job, too. I'm sure of that; and the main thing is that you should get on with it.

Think what a world this would be if everybody fulfilled his mission, did the thing he was born to do, made the mark upon his generation he was meant to make.

I've got to make the best and most of "Me, myself," and the best way to do that is to devote myself to the unselfish service of my fellows. In other words, to follow Him, of Whom it was said, "He pleased not Himself."

"THERE AM I"

"Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I."—St. Matt. xviii. 20.

To bless.—Ex. xx. 24.
To comfort.—Isa. lxxi. 13.

To give peace.—St. John xx. 19.

"There is in every assembly for worship One who is invisible to human sight."

Speak, O blessed Master,
To ev'ry troubled heart;
Bid cares and sorrows
From each soul depart.

An Evening Prayer

If I have wounded any soul today,
If I have caused one foot to go astray,
If I have walked in my own willful way,
Dear Lord, forgive!

If I have uttered idle words or vain,
If I have turned aside from what is right,
Lest I myself shall suffer thereby,
Dear Lord, forgive!

If I have been perverse or hard, or cold,
If I have turned aside from what is right,
Lest I myself shall suffer thereby,
Dear Lord, forgive!

If I have been perverse or hard, or cold,
If I have turned aside from what is right,
Lest I myself shall suffer thereby,
Dear Lord, forgive!

If I have longed for shelter in Thy fold,
When thou hast given me some part to hold,
Dear Lord, forgive!

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee;
Forgive the secret sins I do not see;
O guide me, love me, and my keeper be.

Unrecognized

The Prince of Wales and Premier Baldwin will doubtless remember their experience at White River, Ont. The little town in Ontario, so it is said, expected to welcome the distinguished guests in a fitting manner. Flags were flying, a big crowd of people gathered at the station. The train made a five-minute stop, and a middle-aged gentleman and a smiling young man came down on the platform and shook hands with several people. The folks seemed a little puzzled. The welcoming committee, all dressed for the occasion, looked on, and appeared to wonder who the strangers were. They were dressed in light flannel suits, just like other persons.

The train pulled out, taking the visitors, and then the committee sensed what had happened. The Prince and the Prime Minister had been in their midst, and they had not realized it. The band, assembled and all ready to play, had never made a sound. Dismayed, the committee, the band and the people returned home. The reception (such as it was) was over! "There standeth One among you whom ye know not."—John 1: 26.

Development

Nearly all large things begin small. The locomotive that rushes along at sixty miles an hour began its motion by inches.

The giant tree of California was once only half an inch high.

The mighty Amazon at its source is narrow enough to allow a child to jump over it.

Jesus began with but a handful of disciples.

The question is not so much, Was the beginning small? as Is the growth continuous and enduring?

Consistency

The Founder used to tell this story with a good deal of emphasis; it is worth repeating.

A leading solicitor in London, who was perhaps the leading solicitor in Great Britain, was called upon for advice by our people at International Headquarters.

The case in hand was very important, and this great man—I believe he has since been honored with a baronetcy—was storming away over some points in the case, and swearing at every turn.

The Officer from Headquarters, who was representing our views, ventured to reprove the solicitor for the blasphemous language he was using.

That was a bold thing to do. Lawyers do not usually brook correction or reproof. But instead of turning upon the Officer with more abuse, and telling him to mind his own business, the lawyer said in amazement and yet respect, "Sir, you are the first man who ever dared to do that to me! Now, I believe there is something worth fighting for in your religion."

Kind words cost no more than unkind ones. Kind words produce kind actions, not only on the part of those to whom they are addressed, but on the part of those by whom they are employed; and this not incidentally only, but habitually, in virtue of the principle of association.

It was a weary lad that paced
Of the great English sea
Evening nearly fifty years
Night was damp and murky,
were a sea of mud, and the
that shone from the store
but emphasize the mistiness
ing, making the streets even
and dismal than usual.

He had been glad to get
his vessel and the coarser
companions for an hour or two
that he was ashore, he almost
was back with them again,
such a lot that was strange
to him; there were such vile-
along the dock side streets; his
invitations were a mystery to
a place it was.

It was not the first time du-
days he had longed for his na-
village from which he had be-
a hurry to get away but a
since. It was often damp
there; often the thick clouds
from the sea covering every-
a thick pall; the winds would
his father's house, and seem
it with destruction; but it
Hull, with all its wonders,
be home to this desolate, hom-
lad.

Mighty Outburst of Song

Suddenly, as he trudged al-
the wider thoroughfares, he
sound of boisterous singing,
doors of a great hall swung
few moments, he caught a
crowd, and listened to the
burst of song. With a cur-
overcame his innate shyness,
to enter the building, and to
surprise found himself in a
Army Meeting.

Nobody stayed his enter-
he sat down at the back, among
of men and ladies much he
wondered at the scene. He
of The Army, and had been
vulgar and lewd tales about
this procedure now being en-
his eyes gave no hint of the tr-
tales.

In spite of his waywardness

The funeral service of the
was held in the Temple,
the afternoon of October 10th.
sioner Whatmore, leader of Ca-
Territorial Congress was pre-
gether with Lt.-Commissioner
Lt.-Commissioner Rich and
missioner Hoe (R).

A note of trust—triumph—
was expressed at the commemo-
the service, in the singing of
song:

Blessed Lord, in Thee is
Safety for my trembling

After the refrain of the
"Faith triumphant, knowing
nor fear," Lt.-Colonel DesBri-
prayer, "We thank Thee, Lord,
victorious life of our coun-
think of him as one who served
served Thee faithfully!"

The capable service was emphasised
than one speaker during the a-

Commissioner Whatmore
upon to read the Scripture por-
before doing so he expressed
sympathy for Mrs. Lt.-Colo-
and young Wilfred, their only
little thought, two or three
victorious life of our coun-
think of him as one who served
served Thee faithfully!"

Mrs. Taylor that I should
Taylor under circumstances
I desire, on the General's beha-
last tribute of respect to the
Son of The Army. It will be
loss to the Army, for there
young men of the quality of
of Bramwell Taylor. He was a
ing man, and humble. He was
was able to do a great work for
The Army, and in a humble
proved his greatness."

A number of messages of
were read by Colonel He-
General Booth, Commander
Commissioner and Mrs. Mc-
missioner and Mrs. McMillan-
sioner Gifford and Colonel M-
were among those who ex-
sympathy in this way.

A duet, "Some day the silver
break," was sung by Lt.-Co-

COMRADE!

CENTENARY
CALL
CAMPAIGN

There is no gain
without pain, no
crown without a
cross, no victory
without a struggle.
Let the Campaign
have
YOUR VERY BEST

Prayer

any soul today,
foot to go astray,
own willful way,

words or vain,
de from west or
suffer that the

erse or hard, or
better in Thy fold,
en me some fort

ave confessed to
ns I do not see;
and my keeper

ized

and Premier Bald-
ember their experi-
e Ont. The little
is said, expected
gushed guests in
ags were flying,
nered at the station,
-minute stop, and
man and a smiling
on the platform
the several people.
little puzzled. The
all dressed for the
and appeared to
angers were, they
annel suits, just

taking the visitors,
e sensed what had
ce and the Prime
er misdeed, and they
band, assembled
had never made a
he committee, the
returned home,
it was over!
anyone you whom
1: 26.

ment

things begin small,
it rushes along at
began its motion

California was
uch high,
at its source is
allow a child to

but a handful of
ot so much, Was
as is the growth
ring?

ency

tell this story with
hesis; it is wor-

London, who was
solicitor in Great
on for advice by his
small Headquarters.
were very important,
believe he has since
a baronetcy—was
some points in the
every turn.

Headquarters, who
views, ventured to
or the blasphemous
g.

ing to do. Law-
s correction or pe-
of turning upon the
use, and telling him
siness," the lawyer
d yet respect. "Sir,
who ever dared to
I believe there is
hitting for in your

more than unkind
sioner kind actions,
of those to whom
on the part of
are employed; and
only, but habitually,
ple of association.

It was a weary lad that paced the streets of the great English seaport one evening nearly fifty years ago. The night was damp and murky, the streets were a sea of mud, and the few lights that shone from the store windows did but emphasize the mistiness of the evening, making the streets even more dark and dismal than usual.

He had been glad to get away from his vessel and the coarseness of his companions for an hour or two, but now that he was ashore he almost wished he was back with them again. There was such a lot that was strange and repulsive to him: there were such vile-looking pubs along the dock side streets; harpies whose invitations were a mystery to him. What a place it was!

It was not the first time during recent days he had longed for his native Scotch village from which he had been in such a hurry to get away but a few months since. It was often damp and foggy there; often the thick clouds rolled up from the sea covering everything as with a thick pall; the winds would howl around his father's house, and seem to threaten it with destruction; but it was home. Hull, with all its wonders, could never be home to this desolate, homesick, fisher lad.

Mighty Outburst of Song

Suddenly, as he trudged along one of the wider thoroughfares, he heard the sound of boisterous singing, and as the doors of a great hall swung aside for a few moments, he caught a glimpse of a crowd, and listened to the mighty outburst of song. With a curiosity that overcame his innate shyness, he ventured to enter the building, and to his intense surprise found himself in a Salvation Army Meeting.

Nobody stayed his entering, and so he sat down at the back, among a crowd of men and lads much like himself, and wondered at the scene. He had heard of The Army, and had been told some vulgar and lewd tales about them, but this procedure now being enacted before his eyes gave no hint of the truth of such tales.

In spite of his waywardness he was a

The funeral service of the late Colonel was held in the Temple, Toronto, on the afternoon of October 10th. Commissioner Whatmore, leader of Canada's East Territorial Congress was present, together with Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell, Lt.-Commissioner Rich and Lt.-Commissioner Hoe (R).

A note of trust—triumphant trust—was expressed at the commencement of the service, in the singing of that old song:

*Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul—*

"After the refrain of the last verse—'Faith triumphant, knowing not defeat nor fear,' Lt.-Colonel DeBrisay led in prayer. 'We thank Thee, Lord, for the victorious life of our comrade, and who served Thee faithfully!' That faithful, capable service was emphasised by more than one speaker during the afternoon.

Commissioner Whatmore was called upon to read the Scripture portion. But before doing so he expressed his deep sympathy for Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Taylor, and young Wilfred, their only child. "I little thought, two or three weeks ago," he said, "when I found myself with Commissioner and Mrs. Higgins and was made the bearer of greetings to Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Taylor that I should meet Mrs. Taylor under circumstances like this. I desire, on the General's behalf, to pay a last tribute of respect to this beloved Son of The Army. It will be a special loss to the Army, for there are too few young men of the quality and capacity of Bramwell Taylor. He was an unassuming man, and humble. He was one who was able to do a great work for God and The Army, and in a humble way who proved his greatness."

A number of messages of condolence were read by Colonel Henry, Mrs. General Booth, Commander Eva Booth, Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp, Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan, Commissioner Clifford, and Colonel Mary Booth were among those who expressed their sympathy in this way.

A duet, "Some day the silver chord will break," was sung by Lt.-Commissioner

The Voice in the Storm

(See Frontispiece)

truly religious lad; that is, religious in his instincts, if not in his habits. So he knew he was in a Meeting that was intended to be religious, even if much of it was at variance with his ideas of religion.

The singing ceased, but the fellows beside him kept up a running fire of chaff and interruption, and as he had much ado to listen to what was being said from the platform, he took a seat a little nearer the front. His hoish, homesick soul was hungry for anything which spoke of love, dour Scotch laddie that he was, and soon he began to realise that what the man was saying was the Old, Old Tale of the love of God; but never before had he heard it presented in such warming accents.

His old father, sound Presbyterian of the old school, had never presented religion in this way, and it was small wonder that soon there was a warming at the heart because of the newness of the story. His homesickness did not leave him, but it prompted him to move to the front, nearer still, so that he could listen even more readily.

"Jesus says, 'Come unto Me,'" the Captain was saying; but the lad did not understand. Then the warming at his heart turned to another feeling, and suddenly he found himself weighted as with heavy chains and tremendous burdens, and, for the first time, knew something of the dread of his sins.

The Burden of His Heart

He left the Hall, and for want of somewhere better to go, made his way back to his host. What was this horror that was on him? A few hours before he had known just what was wrong; it was his running away from home and being hidden from his parents; but something more than that was now burdening his soul. The words of the

Captain had stirred his heart, and gradually he was coming to understand that he was a sinner. The burden was on him for many days and nights.

The fishing smack was out on the trawling grounds. The wind was howling through the rigging, and Will stood at the helm; there was only one other man on deck, the others were down below. The sea was running so strongly that it was all he could do to keep the boat on her course. But, ever and anon, he would lift his head and peer out into the darkness, and across the whitening waves, and say to himself, boy that he was, "My sins, my sins,—what shall I do?"

And then (oh, how often some of us have heard him tell the wondrous tale), just as it happened on another sea, and upon other turbulent waters, there seemed to appear out of the darkness, a Form. For the moment he was sore afraid; his Gaelic superstition was at his elbow in the space of a thought. What was it; surely it could not be a human being?

Above the Voice of the Storm

As he shivered and feared, so he used to say, a Voice spoke, and above the noise of the storm, over the welter of the wind, and the swish, swish of the waves along the sides of the boat—with a calm that was as the peace of God—he heard:

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Him that cometh—Him that cometh."

He clutched the wheel with a tighter grasp, and strained his eyes to where the vision had been a few moments earlier. The awe of the place and time was on him, but again, across the waves, there came the echo:

"Him that cometh—no wise cast out," and there and then he came. He still clung to the wheel, but his heart went up to God in a burst of joyous thankfulness,

"Him that Cometh
Unto Me,
I Will in No Wise
Cast Out."

and he said, "Lord Jesus, I come." Wonder of wonders, his burden fell from his shoulders, and he straightened his manly young form, and knew he was a free man in Christ Jesus. The echo of the invitation had scarcely died away, but a sinner had returned to God.

In after years he became Commissioner William Eadie, and told this story—better, far better, that we have set it down here—to thousands of people, but because there are others who have not yet come to God we put it here as a Memorial to the lad of the story, and to the Lord Who brought him to Himself.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Reader, will you not come?

THE SHABBY HALL

There had been special Prayer Meetings in the different places of worship in the town, including The Army Hall, a poor, shabby little place. Some days after the Captain met a gentleman who attended the services mentioned, and remarked on our poor Meeting-place in contrast to the churches and chapels in the district.

Looking kindly at her, he said, "But Captain, it was *in your Hall I got my heart warmed*." The dear Officer was cheered by the fact that if her building was faulty, her few Soldiers, by prayer and faith, pulled down blessing on those who gathered there. Every Corps, thank God, may be a spiritual power-house—the building ever so poor.

I never worked under his directi— Our association was simply the bosom friendship of two lads who grew up together, and whose hearts and spirits cleaved the one to the other. I never hope to meet a finer character than Bramwell Taylor. Not in all my long and intimate association with him did I catch a jarring note in the harmony of his life. He was a tower of strength to me in an inexplicable way that depended not on much counsel, advice, or encouragement by word of mouth, but on the influence of his sterling character, and his natural greatheartedness. When my father passed away, in his editorial tribute he referred to him as one of God's Greathearts. That same term would apply to Bramwell Taylor himself. He was a Greatheart, one of God's noblemen. He had, both in his personal character, and in his philosophy of life, "the root of the matter in him," and his great kindness of heart was to me the sort that seemed to envelop you without your being aware of it.

I remember well the Sunday night in the fall of 1907 when, as we lay in our bunks in the dormitory of the Clapton Training College, he in the upper berth and I in the lower, after one of those wonderful Young People's Councils with the present General, he told me he had decided to give his life to God and give up everything to that end. He then tried to help me to a decision and besought me to surrender as he had done. From that Sunday night in October 1907 when God called him and he answered, "Here am I," to that Saturday morning in October 1928 when God called him again, he never faltered in his loyalty to God, The Army and his own ideals.

He is the first to go of a group of I.I.Q. boys who were at Queen Victoria Street from 1902 to 1908. That group is scattered all round the world, most of us still in Army service. Bramwell Taylor was one of the brightest stars of our firmament, destined from the first for high honors and a brilliant career. We cannot believe he has gone. But, so it is, and as we stand in spirit at his graveside we must take the message of his life and death to our hearts and give ourselves the more earnestly to the task of living.

Lieut.-Colonel Bramwell Taylor

Funeral Scenes in Toronto

(Special to the Canada West "War Cry.")

and Mrs. Maxwell. It was with deep emotion and fervent faith that the reverent assembly, which filled the Temple to more than capacity, sang the refrain:

*"Then I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, 'Saved by Grace!'"*

Lt.-Commissioner Rich, the Territorial Commander of Canada West, who we were glad to see and hear, even though he came on so sad an errand, spoke next, and in some effluent passages likened the Colonel to "A tree planted in the Garden of God."

He then told a pathetic incident. Little Wilfred, the late Colonel's son, came into the Commissioner's home, after hearing of his father's death and queried Mrs. Rich thus, "The doctors did all they could for Daddy, didn't they?" He was answered in the affirmative, and then, with that simplicity and child-like faith which many older folk would envy, he exclaimed, "Then it must be God's will!"

A few words, pregnant with emotion, were spoken by Mr. W. Taylor, brother of the deceased, and Mr. E. Higgins, brother of Mrs. Taylor. The latter read a deeply sympathetic message from the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Higgins and another from the late Colonel's father, Major Job Taylor, a retired veteran Officer of The Army.

The brief statement of Mrs. Colonel Taylor, touching in its simplicity, was deeply expressive of the true bond of comradeship which existed between

her and her husband. "Our life together for fifteen years was one long song—now the song has ceased but my faith is unshaken." Hallelujah, the Christian never despairs. We have the hope of Life Eternal and of once again seeing in the Great Beyond those whom we learn to love and cherish during our pilgrimage through this "vale of tears".

The service closed with prayer by Commissioner Maxwell.

The streets outside the Temple were crowded with a reverent throng and the men bared their heads as the cortege went by. At Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Commissioner Maxwell paid an eloquent and moving tribute to our promoted comrade and Commissioner Rich read the committal service.—S. A. Church, Major.

An Appreciation By

Staff-Captain Henry Otway

FOR twenty-three years I have been honored and blessed by the close friendship of Lieut.-Colonel Bramwell Taylor, and his untimely death is an unspeakable grief to me. To know him as I knew him was to love him.

He had, during the course of his life-time developed a wonderful mentality. To have intimate converse with him was like walking these walks abroad, and one is despondent at the thought that never again on earth will such a privilege be found.

A MESSAGE TO THE UNSAVED

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska
Founder General William Booth
General Brumwell Booth
International Headquarters London, England
Territorial Commander, Lt.-Col. Chas. Rich, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg. Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

GENERAL ORDER

Corps Cadet Day will be observed throughout the Territory on Sunday, Nov. 18th. Corps Officers will please arrange accordingly. Divisional Commanders are responsible for issuing necessary instructions and suggestions to Officers under their direction.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Territorial Commander.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

APPOINTMENTS:
Captain James Neill, to the Saskatoon Men's Social Department.
Lieutenant Ralph Nichol, from Sharnbrook to the Fort Arthur Men's Social Department.

THE GENERAL

We are sorry to have to report that latest news concerning the General is that recently he has not been as well as it had been hoped that he would be from the previous improvement which had taken place in his condition, and which we last reported.

There is good reason for believing however, that this is but a temporary set back, as the last few days have witnessed a decided regaining of lost ground.

Salvationists everywhere will continue to pray for our Leader's complete restoration to his wonted health, as well as for Mrs. Booth and the members of the General's family in the very anxious time through which they are passing. We will also include in our prayers our other International Leaders upon whom the General's sickness places heavy responsibility.

The Founder and Germany

Memorial Tablet in Barmen Hall In pre-war days The Army in Germany was not well provided with Halls. There were no buildings suitable for special Meetings, and as a consequence the Founder's Campaigns were nearly all held in Town Halls or theatres.

The Founder, however, did not meet Meetings in the Army Hall at Barmen, and a plaque recording this distinction was last week unveiled in the building. Pastor Kraft and Dr. Bremm represented the city of Barmen, and Colonel Mary Booth, the Territorial Commander, gave some tender reminiscences of the Founder, which were greatly appreciated, before unveiling the tablet.

Brigadier Steinaker, who occasionally translated for the Founder, and Mrs. Brigadier Dein, who sang frequently in the Founder's Meetings in Germany, took part in the crowded night Meeting, when Colonel Mary Booth led. Eleven seekers knelt at the Penitent-Porn.

If our beloved Master "ever liveth to make intercession for us," surely our loved ones in the home beyond pray for us too! What a link there is between us, I think it will be a revelation when we get to heaven to find out how much we owe to other people's prayers.



Winnipeg, October 17th

We hear that Colonel Knott is under farewell orders from his position as Chief Secretary in New Zealand, and is likely to be passing through Canada during the early days of November en route to International Headquarters. We shall be delighted to see him again, and hope he will find time to give us a Meeting here and there—with Mrs. Knott, of course—and that whatever is in the future for him he may continue in the assurance of the Divine Blessing upon him and his.

We were sorry that the Chief Secretary, acting under medical orders, was prevented from appearing at the public Meetings of the Congress, but he certainly did receive an affectionate ovation in the Officers' Councils. The Colonel need have no two questions about the high esteem in which he is held by all ranks throughout the Territory, and this expression we also include dear Mrs. Miller.

During recent days Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Joy has had news of the promotion to glory of a well-beloved sister; an invalid for many years, her passing was not unexpected, but we feel that our description of the event is correct—promoted to glory.

It has been a matter of regret for some of us that Brigadier Bohler was unable to accompany Colonel Booth. The Brigadier is the Women's Social Secretary in Germany, and is a very active member of the Territorial Staff. A sudden and somewhat serious illness prevented her being with her Territorial Commander at our Congress Meetings. We trust that later news is good news. Here is a Salvation greeting to her.

Brigadier John Merritt has been filling in in the Field Department during the last few days; it was planned that he should act as locum tenens for Lt.-Col. Taylor, now he is holding on pending the coming of Lt.-Colonel Percock.

The Congress Choir, that most excellent singing combination, is not to be allowed to evaporate very easily. A Festival of Music and Song, under the leadership of Ltr. Percy Merritt, is announced for November 5th (significant date) in the Winnipeg Citadel.

It was ever so fitting that we should have Envoy and Mrs. McGill at the Congress Gatherings in Winnipeg; Mrs. McGill was one of the West pioneer Officers, and is still remembered with much affection as Captain Aikenhead. A salute to the Veterans!

It would have been a funny Congress if we had not had Envoy Smith of Regina with us. He is as hale and hearty as ever, and his "Hallelujah" ring out just at the right moment. We were also glad to see Sergt.-Major Bourquin, of Estevan Corps.

We were delighted to see at the Congress Events, Bandmaster Stairs, of Sherbrooke Street, make his first "away from home" appearance as the fully commissioned Bandmaster. His Band is coming along well. All honour too, to the faithful stalwarts.

Then a note about Saint James. There are many good friends of ours in that Combination, and we had more than one blessing as a result of their untuneful and untastefulness during the Congress Meetings.

"On the occasion of a special Meeting at Trivandrum," says Lt.-Colonel Walter Shaw, of India, "I introduced Staff-Captain Mundy's chorus, 'Ready to go—ready to stay,' and it is still being used as a means of great blessing to the Officers and Soldiers down there." Colonel Shaw knows a good thing—and uses it.

Good news has reached the Editorial office of the Congress Sunday morning kneedrills. We hear that they had such an old-fashioned time at Home Street, with Captain Hranic in charge, that they didn't close down until 9 o'clock.

Have you heard of the Ft. Rouge Corps Cadet who took advantage of a vacation opportunity, and addressed the local Women's Union on the work of The Army to such purpose that they donated \$5 to the Fresh Air Camp Fund, and the said C.C. has only been six months a Salvationist.

"The Victors" certainly put one over all the other Sessional groups when they initiated Colonel Mary Booth and Brigadier Eva Smith into their Session as Honorary Members. But did it really need that to make them Victors—or Warriors, or Conquerors, or even Crusaders?

Captain Fleischer, of Melville, had a big interest in the visit of the German T.C.—Colonel Mary Booth. Too bad that the children and Mrs. Fleischer are in quarantine and could not share in his blessings.

Of course it wasn't so arranged, but we could not forbear from an inward comment on the fitness of the Citadel Band Selection on Sunday afternoon in the Capitol Theatre. Bandmaster Merritt had chosen that exquisite Meditation "Home Sweet Home" for the offering interval. We said to our selves, "Right again. The Army is 'Home sweet home' for all who will come."

Because of the pressure on our space this week we have been compelled to hold over a number of late reports.

Hungary's Third Congress

Commissioner Cunningham Conducts Annual Meetings in Budapest

THE third Annual Congress Meetings in Hungary began, after many eager preparations, with a Meeting of Soldiers, Recruits and Converts. Commissioner Cunningham, the Congress Leader, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Stairs and Mrs. Friedrich, received a warm welcome. Eager enthusiasm and a strong feeling of the nearness of God were features of the Meetings.

The last gathering of the week was the richest in blessing and enthusiasm. The Songster Brigade, and the Band, both only recently formed, rendered splendid service. Touching Penitent-Porn scenes were witnessed at the close of the gathering, men and women surrounded until eight o'clock seekers had been ordered for the Congress.—G. Bohmer, Staff-Captain.

Colonel John Roberts

THE BRITISH "CRY" announces the continued serious illness of Colonel John Roberts, one of the few remaining Christian Mission Officers. The Colonel is known mostly in Canada for his "Morning Thoughts," a devotional work to which he devoted many years, and which has become a daily inspiration to many amongst us.

Australian Veteran Promoted

THE ARMY has sustained a loss in the passing of Colonel Joseph Birkenshaw. He entered the Work from Sheffield 1, and has still many relatives there in active service. Transferred in the first days of his officership to Australia he served for the rest of his career in that country, and is well known there as a valiant fighter for God. There are comrades in this country who also cherish his memory.

Mrs. Lt.-Col. Bramhall Promoted to Glory

The very many comrades and acquaintances of Lt.-Colonel Bramhall throughout Canada will regret to hear of the loss he has sustained in the passing of his wife. The British "Cry" announces that Mrs. Bramhall has been in poor health for some time, but although he has had to spend long periods away from home in the course of his audit duties, the Colonel was with Mrs. Bramhall when she passed away. Our true sympathy is with our dear comrade and his family at the time.

Lt.-Col. McLean Campaigns in Fargo

Our esteemed Comrade, Lt.-Colonel McLean, as we have already mentioned in the "Cry," has been conducting some stirring campaigns "to the south of us." The following are from a letter which the Colonel has been having a good time with our American comrades.

"Sunday night was a glorious finale to Lt.-Colonel McLean's campaign in Fargo, with fifty-two seekers at the foot of the Cross seeking Salvation and Happiness of heart.

"One of the outstanding features of the campaign was the number of work attended by hundreds of seekers who annually make their way to the west for the harvest season. The prodigals whose mothers' prayers have never been answered are now for the Colonel's particular direction.

It is not too late to remember the Salvationists of the event week—the Grace Hospital. There will be other interesting welcome speakers and partakers—there is only one Colonel who she will be there. Young Church, Friday, 8 o'clock.

Our sympathies are with the exiled comrades, Y.P.S.M., Langdale, of Vancouver B.C., who shook they recently sustained the sudden death of their son, a well known to Vancouver, a young friend who was killed in an accident under more than ordinary distressing circumstances.

The Fort

THE WELCOME GATHERING

THE Forty-Sixth Annual Congress in Winnipeg, opened on Friday evening with a spectacular presentation of The Army's Social operations in Canada West, under the arresting title of "A Pageant of Merciful Adventure."

Grace Church, the spacious edifice in which the gathering was held, and together an unfamiliar spot in our Congress annals, was filled with a capacity crowd; but we could not but help wishing that a larger auditorium had been available for the demonstration. As it was, however, the event went over in excellent style and was unanimously voted by the enthusiastic audience as a vivid presentation of present-day Army activities.

The fact that our International Visitor, Colonel Mary Booth, was to make her initial public appearance in the Canada West Territory, lent more than additional interest to the occasion and the appearance on the platform of the distinguished visitor in company with our Territorial Leader, Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, was at once the signal for an enthusiastic outburst on the part of the audience. Thunderous volleys of "Amen's" from the comrades present made the welcome complete.

Right heartily then did the great audience sing the soul-stirring Army war song, "Hark, hark my soul," causing the stately church building to vibrate again and again with its magnificent strains. The music of Massed Bands, under the leadership of Bandmaster H. Merritt, made a fitting accompaniment to the singing.

Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Men's Social Secretary, led the gathering in prayer and gave thanks to God for the sunshine that had constantly dispersed the social shadows through The Army's endeavor during the past forty-six years. Our comrades' petition that God might bless the Congress and guide our Leaders also evoked from us an earnest response.

After calling upon the members of the "Victors" Session of Training present, singing their fitting, "Make way" choruses, the Commissioner in a brief and happy worded speech extended a hearty welcome to the Congress Delegates and introduced Colonel Mary Booth to the audience.

Colonel Booth Introduced

"My very pleasurable duty tonight to present to you Colonel Mary Booth, he said, "It was our International Leader's intention to have come himself, if his health had not overtaken him, but if it has not been able to come himself he has sent a part of himself in his daughter. The Colonel comes to us not only as the daughter of an honored father, but also in her own right. Most heartily do we welcome her to Canada West."

The applause which followed gave no doubt as to the warmth of welcome intended for the visitor and it was a few moments before she could respond. With a smile illuminating her face and accompanying her clearly enunciated words with graceful gestures she said:

For many, many years I have longed for this privilege, and although once I came as far as Canada East it has not yet been my privilege. I had to return home and say I had not visited Canada West, but now the joy and desire of my heart is accomplished, and I stand here in your midst. I have heard of your loyalty to the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and of your devotion to those principles which have moved The Salvation Army forces around the world; those qualities have been seen of their best in my heart and I feel sure that you will have been here tonight. I should not have been here tonight. It will be a great joy to see and hear him again. I had some very good advice given me as to what I should say and do. Some

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The last gathering of the series was the richest in blessing and enthusiasm. The Songster Brigade, and the Band, both only recently formed, rendered splendid service. Touching Penitential scenes were witnessed at the close of the gathering, men and women surrendering until eighty-eight seekers had been gathered for the Congress.—G. Bohme, Staff-Captain.

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"One of the outstanding features of the campaign was the intense devotion of the work attended by hundreds of men who annually make their way to the North-west for the harvest season. Among the seekers were several of our prodigals whose mothers and fathers might never have been answered if it had not been for the Colonel's particular interest in this direction."

It is not too late to remember the Salvationists of the event of last week—the Grace Hospital. There will be other interesting and welcome speakers and partakers—there is only one Colonel McLean and she will be there. The Grace Hospital, Young Church, Friday, October 26th 8 o'clock.

Our sympathies are with our excellent comrades, Y.P.S.M., of the Langdale, of Vancouver, B.C., who shock they recently sustained in the sudden death of their son "Bob," well known to Vancouver. Our young friend was killed in an auto accident under more than usually distressing circumstances.

The Forty-Sixth Territorial Congress The Celebrations in Winnipeg

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It was kind of Commissioner Rich to invite me. At first I struggled, and said I could not come, but when a man keeps on asking it is difficult to say no. I am glad the Commissioner did invite me, for if he had not done so I should not have been here tonight. It will be a great joy to see and hear him again. I had some very good advice given me as to what I should say and do. Some



In the absence of our Territorial Leader, Mrs. Commissioner Rich and Mrs. Colonel Miller welcomed Colonel Mary Booth and Brigadier Eva Smith at the C.P.R. Station.

one said, whatever happened I must not say anything about Germany. But you would think it strange, I am sure if I did not say that after working in Germany three years I love those people. God has wonderfully helped us and prospered us and blessed us and led us forward from victory to victory.

The spirit is the same as everywhere else in The Army. One of our Officers recently travelled for another Continental country, and on leaving was presented with a bouquet of flowers. On her arrival a little girl was among those who met her, and looking at the flowers exclaimed, "Are the flowers that grew in Germany the same that grow here?"

The flowers that grew in Germany are as beautiful as the flowers that grow elsewhere—the flowers of devotion and love and sacrifice. There is the same spirit because we are fighting under the same Flag, singing the same songs, preaching the same wonderful message of salvation for all, with the same results that souls are meeting at the Mercy-Seat. My last weekend in Germany before I left to come to you I had the joy of seeing 130 kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

I love The Army. I take second place to none in this Hall here tonight in love for The Army and zeal for its cause. I am a Salvationist through and through. I wore a Hallelujah bonnet when I was five years old. I love The Army. Perhaps some may say that because I have been born in The Army I have got used to its methods and it comes to attract me in some degree. A little company marching with the Flag still thrills my heart. There is nothing like The Army. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, and go forward and greater victories shall be ours than we could dream of. God bless you every one!

At the conclusion of the Colonel's speech, heard clearly in all parts of the large building, the audience gave vent to loud and long-sustained applause which indicated that Winnipeg Salvationists and friends had taken Colonel Mary to their hearts.

It was a fitting suggestion which now came from the Commissioner for all to rise and sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," as an expression of our thanks toward God for the mercies of the year. This was followed by "O Canada," the singing of which made the "raffers" ring again with melody.

Quite apart from the splendid congregational singing the musical items of the evening were of a high order. The St. James Band, under the baton of Captain

Watt, provided some choice selections and the Citadel combination contributed brilliantly-executed numbers also. The new feature of the evening, however, was the Congress Choir of selected mixed voices which, under the baton of Songster-Leader Percy Merritt, acceptably rendered the selection, "O Canada," with Band accompaniment.

The spectacular treat of the evening occupied the latter half of the programme and covered The Army's many operations in the Territory in a manner both pleasing to the eye and stimulating to the mind. All of the activities thus pictured in tableau and pageantry were epitomized in the opening paragraph of the Prologue read by our Leader as "being all bound up in the noble phrase given by The Army Founder, 'Go for souls and go for the worst!'"

Delightful Series of Tableaux

It is impossible, in the short space at our disposal, to give in anything like detail, the delightful series of tableaux, humorous and pathetic which followed, but a rapid review may give the reader some idea of the "true to life" picture-portraits ingeniously displayed by means of a dual stage arrangement.

Guided by the excellently woven thread of narrative read at intervals by the Commissioner, we started off by visiting a dark prison cell and rejoiced to find life came through The Army's Prison Meetings. A romance of the Enquiry Department was next depicted in several stages, showing how a wayward son was brought back to his sorrowing parents via The Army—and a copy of the "War Cry."

The snow-flurry which made Winnipeg shiver earlier in the day was not inappropriate to the next scene when we beheld the Christmas Relief appeal represented by the familiar "kettle," and the pleasing sight of a needy family receiving a hamper.

Eventide Home scenes, an Army Open-Air Meeting and Home League activities were portrayed in truly life-like manner, and the Rescue Work embracing a spotless hospital ward and ministering nurses called attention to this splendid branch. The children's tableau and the Life-Savers' Camp-fire were real charmers. We only wish we could have captured permanently some of these pictures for the "War Cry," they would have made first-rate frontispieces! But even then the sweet singing of the "hidden choir" which added much to the effectiveness of the tableaux could not be reproduced, at least, in this connection.

The Missionary operations of The Army were by no means overlooked and

the portraits of our Canada West "flesh and blood" offerings to heathen lands were warmly applauded as were also scenes of the Native Indian Work in Alaska and Northern B.C.

Came then the grand finale of the evening—the "best wine last," as our Leader put it—when representatives from all branches of the service marched on the platform in picturesque array: Miss Canada (Ensign M. Houghton) predominating. Thus did we finish up—and by unitedly singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name."

The large crowd rapidly dispersed after our Territorial Leader had pronounced the Benediction but we think that the kaleidoscopic events of the evening will remain long in the memories of all concerned.

The success of the evening laid largely to the credit of Staff-Captain Steele, who has for several days toiled early and late, in plan and preparation, so that nothing should be missing for the success of the evening. His colorful settings will be long in our memory. Major Oske was another collaborator in our enjoyment, and so were a host of other, including the comrade—wherever he may be—who supplied "The Book of the Pageant," so excellently read by our esteemed Commissioner.

SATURDAY EVENING THE CONGRESS PARADE

IT WAS a real Salvation Army procession; no, not a "procession," that's a hateful term, savouring too much of a show and display—it was a regular old-time Army March. There were no frills, no trimmings, just the usual, every-Saturday-night sort of thing; the only exception being that the Scouts and Guards were with us—and well, the Scouts knew it, for the wind was not at all kindly to them in their summer "shorts".

A March of six hundred Salvationists, and the majority of them citizens of Winnipeg, was a stirring sight, and made a colorful showing and martial array down the length of Portage Avenue and Main Street.

We had veterans of a thousand marches with us; one could tell them by the steady tread of their feet, and the unconscious pose of their bodies. We had youthful recruits also; they occasionally had some difficulty in finding the "right step," and it wasn't altogether their fault.

As we say, taking up a goodly length of Portage Avenue, down the well lighted thoroughfare, with its invitations to this and that play—"Ramona," the new, over which thousands have gone crazy; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which stirred a nation into freedom. Old and new tales and tunes they are, but nothing as to the old, old story and tune that our bands played. We really rollicked along at some periods, so much so that the man with the "Union Jack" in front had to check his footsteps.

"If you bring the next to you," was the tune at one period; then we heard, "Jerusalem," stately and thrilling; chiming into that was "Canada" by the Citadel Band; and to give it the necessary anti-climax without which no Army affair ever proceeds, the Cadets were shouting themselves hoarse in the endeavour to make known, "Here we are." The man who wrote that chorus already wishes —,

A Great Moment

But it was a great March, and a great moment when the martial array passed the saluting base at the City Hall—with its illuminating sign—and gave their loyal greeting to our Congress Leader and Territorial Commander. It was not only Colonel Mary who stood there, but her father—our dearly beloved General; we seemed to salute him too, and thought of him with affection and prayerful faith.

Swinging back on to Main Street, and up Portage once more, with the flags a-flutter in the biting north wind, and with the Scouts and Guards keeping good step and formation (that is a kindly hint for some of their elders) we came at last to the place of the Soldiers' Meeting, already filling up with a thoroughly Army crowd.

And as we write this little report, one cannot help saying that the Congress March was just like the rest of the Congress—no frills, but every bit Army.

CONGRESS SUNDAY—A DAY OF CONSECRATION, INSPIRATION

MORNING—CONSECRATION

"From my soul break every fetter"

WE seem to be getting quite at home in the Capitol Theatre; there is almost an Army air about it, and certainly a readiness to serve on the part of the officials which is thoroughly good natured. The Congress Sunday morning feeling was in our souls, and the right note was struck when the Commissioner outlined:

"For Thee, dear Lord, my spirit longs,
With earnest, strong desire."

and its swinging chorus, "I am clinging to the Cross" rose and fell on the morning as a true call to worship.

The simple and earnest petitions of Brigadier Park and Lt. Colonel Joy, with their cry that "we might be blessed, and also the hundreds who could only be with us in spirit to-day" were most surely answered.

A chorus to shake us into place, so to speak, but which only had the effect of spurring us on, and then the Congress Songsters, answering finely to the baton of Percy Merritt, filled the house with song. We confess to hearing the tune for the first time, but the words seem ages old, though ever new, and the audience took to them with a friendly readiness, and a spirit of receptivity which made them the keynote of the Meeting:

"Love Divine, from Jesus flowing;
Living waters, rich and free."

As is good and splendidly enthusiastic at our Congress times it nearly always happens that we have a splash of color on the platform, and this was supplied for us this year by Adjutant and Mrs. McTavish of India; they are Canadian Officers on a well-earned furlough, and revelling in the blessings of our Congress Days.

Their testimonies were touching in the extreme, and one could well imagine the feelings that possessed them at speaking to such a crowd; there was, however, in Mrs. McTavish's simplicity, a message for all. "I have not much to give Thee, Lord, but all I have is Thine," and we prayed that we might all be likeminded.

The Commissioner called on the Saint James Band to further our thoughts, and to while away the Offering Interval, and the Love Stream, of which the Songsters had been singing, ran at our feet. What blessings are missed by those folks who cannot "word" our music. The Band played ever so sweetly.

"Like a River ever flowing,
Grace of God,
So rich and free."

We wish it were possible to set down all that Colonel Mary Booth said to us, after she had been presented in affectionately Army terms by Commissioner Rich, a presentation which was in itself a gem of an appeal to our faith.

The text and passage of Scripture from which she spoke to us were surely God-chosen; they could not have been more apt because of the fact that we were all missing a well-loved comrade, who has been so suddenly removed from us, and who would have so rejoiced to have been with us—the Field Secretary. Maybe, because of the sense of our loss, Colonel Booth's words found a ready resting-place.

We saw the Lord of all Comfort pacing the roads of the olden times, and we felt Him also coming into our hearts, and then, step by step, we were led through the phrases of one of the Love Chapters of the Bible, and made to feel a tugging at our heart-strings, and a moving to the Stream of which the Band had played and Songsters sang.

We saw the women of old, with their sorrow-crushed lives, and we

heard the tender words of the Master, and knew that the ages had not checked the force or sweetness of His sayings, but that they were for us of these days.

There were others who were with us, and they too heard the same sweet call, and, as Colonel Booth said, "they were beginning to yearn for the resulting glory of doing the will of God." They realised something of the treasures they had lost, and in their hearts there were deep longings that He would restore those to them, and He Who answers our prayers was answering the unspoken thoughts of all who thus yearned.

Somewhere about twelve o'clock, for much had been done and said during the hour and a quarter that elapsed since our first song, Commissioner Rich was on his feet, and with that gentle persuasion which is his gift from the Lord, he was urging us to a fuller consecration, and to a return to the Master Who is so gracious to all.

Soon a row of seekers were at the Altar, and the Capitol Theatre had received its Congress Consecration as the House of Mercy. It was a time of much faith, and of much rejoicing, and when we closed with eleven or twelve victors in our midst, we knew that the seal of God had been placed on our Day. It was a holy beginning to a "Blood and Fire" Day, and of the flowing of the Stream of His grace.

AFTERNOON—INSPIRATION

"Jesus shall reign from shore to shore."

A LARGE and representative crowd of citizens met in the Theatre for the afternoon gathering. Half an hour

before the start, the people thronged the aisles of the spacious building, and when Commissioner and Mrs. Rich led Colonel Mary Booth and a distinguished company of Winnipeg citizens on to the well-appointed stage, there must have been at least 2,000 persons present.

The entrance of the party was the signal for the great audience to stand to its feet and a moment later the stirring strains of the National Anthem rang through the auditorium.

Our Territorial Leader then stepped forward and led the gathering in the singing of the grandly-inspiring song "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun" after which the Rev. G. A. Woodside, D.D., was called upon to offer prayer. The petitioner, in an earnest and simple manner invoked the blessing of God upon the assembly and gave thanks for the beneficent ministry exercised by The Army throughout the entire world.

The Scripture portion, a choicely-selected one for the occasion from I Corinthians 13, was read by Dr. Robert Fletcher. The reader paused to stress the last word of this glorious chapter and we felt within ourselves that it was well that he did so for in that one word "Love" lay one of the great secrets of The Army's success in the blessing of mankind.

The Commissioner in introducing

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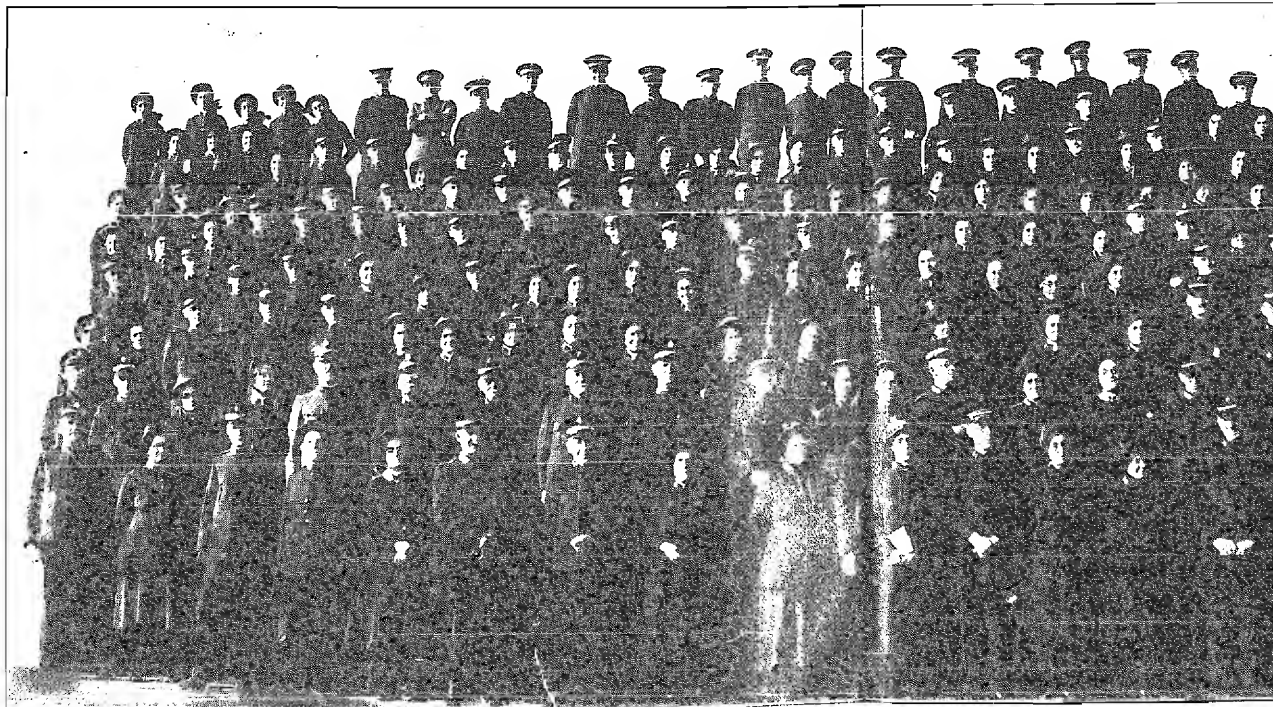
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DELEGATES TO THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS WINGP, WITH COLONEL MARY BOOTH AND COMMISSIONER

CONGRESS SUNDAY—A DAY OF CONSERVATION, INSPIRATION AND SALVATION

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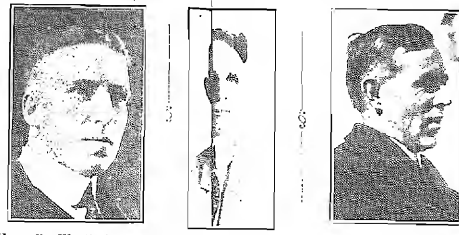
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A standing vote to both lecturer and chairman backed up by vociferous applause on the part of the audience showed how it had enjoyed the afternoon's proceedings. Everybody was completely satisfied.

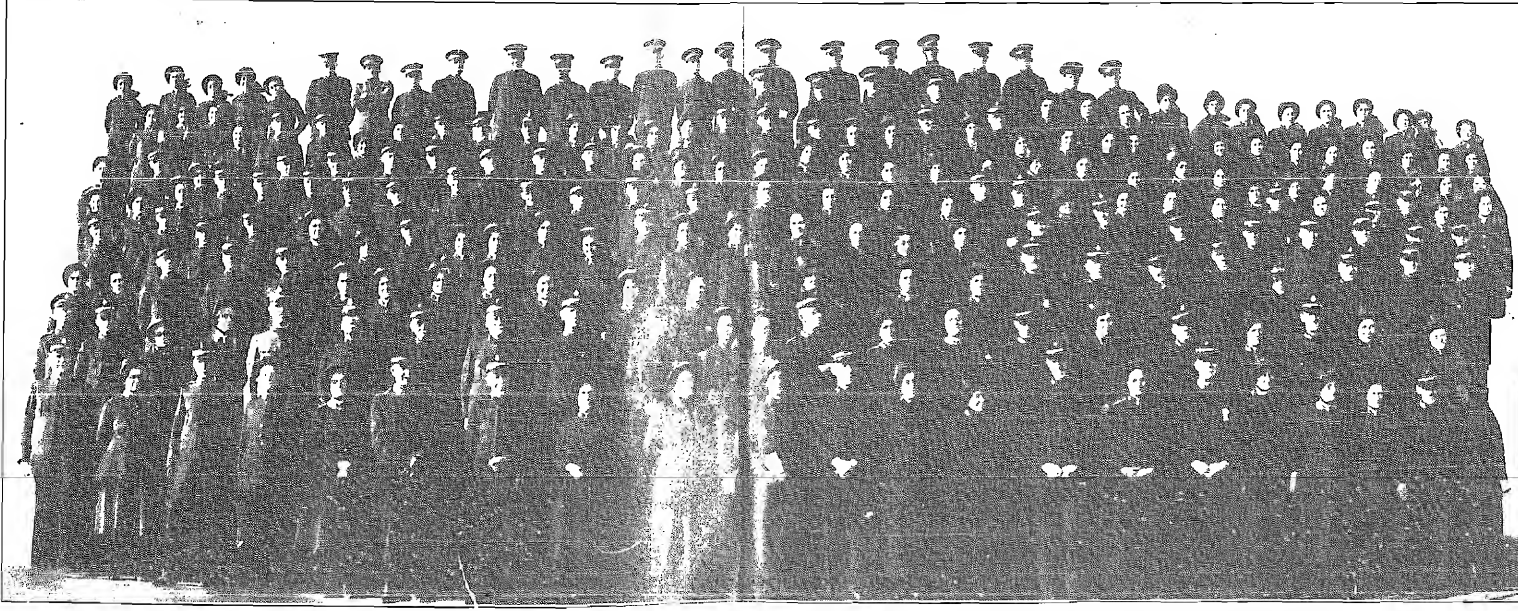
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One other item we must not forget: We were greatly indebted to a vocal quartette composed of Staff-Captain Mundy, Adjutants Davies and Haynes, and Captain Ramsey, the harmonious singing of which at intervals helped to add to the effectiveness of the lecture.



Hon. R. W. Craig, K.C., who presided over the afternoon lecture. Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba proposed the thanks. J. T. Haig, M.L.A., who seconded the vote of thanks.



DELEGATES TO THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS—WINNIPEG, WITH COLONEL MARY BOOTH AND COMMISSIONER AND MRS. RICH

DAY OF CONSERATION, INSPIRATION AND SALVATION

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NIGHT—SALVATION

"His Blood avails for me."

WE want to set down some of the warmth and glory of the Meeting as quickly as we can; while our own soul is hot with the glow of the old, old tale as we have heard it told again to-night.

It seems to us that we have been walking in sacred groves this blessed evening—as though we have heard the old songs with fresh sweetness, and as though we have seen once more the saints of old and heard their voices. But there has been one voice—more appealing and insistent than them all—just as it was when we were much younger, and the story was newer, and the years had not rolled by us—"Come, come—come."

While we write they are coming. We can hear the music of the band, and the singing of the multitude, and anon the voice of individual prayer, and then the shouts of triumphant welcome. (They are coming—one, and two, ten, twenty.)

Right at the start we were in the presence of our old glorified saints. It has been a day of such influences. Colonel Mary Booth will think no ill of us in saying that the old Founder has been with us. His dear old swaying form has been a constant figure in our mind's eye.

When at the commencement of the night Meeting we rose to sing our immortal anthem, "Oh, boundless salvation," instinctively there was a memory of him. It did not need the Commissioner's reminder to recall him to us. Right around the Capitol Theatre the song echoed and re-echoed; everybody sang it; the boys in front knew it and sang; we all sang it. "Oh, ocean of mercy."

As we closed our eyes for prayer there seemed to come over the vast crowd a hush which told of a fervent expectancy. It was intensified as Major Tyndall and Mrs. Rich prayed. But there was a sweep of faith when the thousands sang:

"And while others Thou art blessing
Do not pass me by."

The Congress Songsters, to whom other tributes have been worthily paid, uttered a sweetly moving appeal which we have not heard for a score of years—

"Oh brother, Oh sister
He'll take your sins away."
and then the dear old form of the Founder was with us again. (We've had hard work to think of any one else to-day.) We heard his resonant voice as Staff-Captain Steele read to us the matchless words of the Prophet: "Ho, every one that thirsteth." How often we have seen him, the Founder, with his Book in his hand, stand before immense audiences and read that same Scripture. "Let the wicked forsake his ways—let him return unto the Lord—he will have mercy upon him—He will abundantly pardon." We gloried in it.

Here came one of the most thrilling sights we have seen in years; the "Song of Witness" we called it. The Commissioner called the manhood of the house to their feet, and without any urging the volume of song was as the surge of the sea:

"In my heart He implanteth a song,
A Song of Deliverance, and
Courage and Strength."

The sisters came in with us a few moments later, standing to their feet with us, but—dare we say it?—the thrill was in the manhood testimony—"Courage and strength."

(Continued on page 8)



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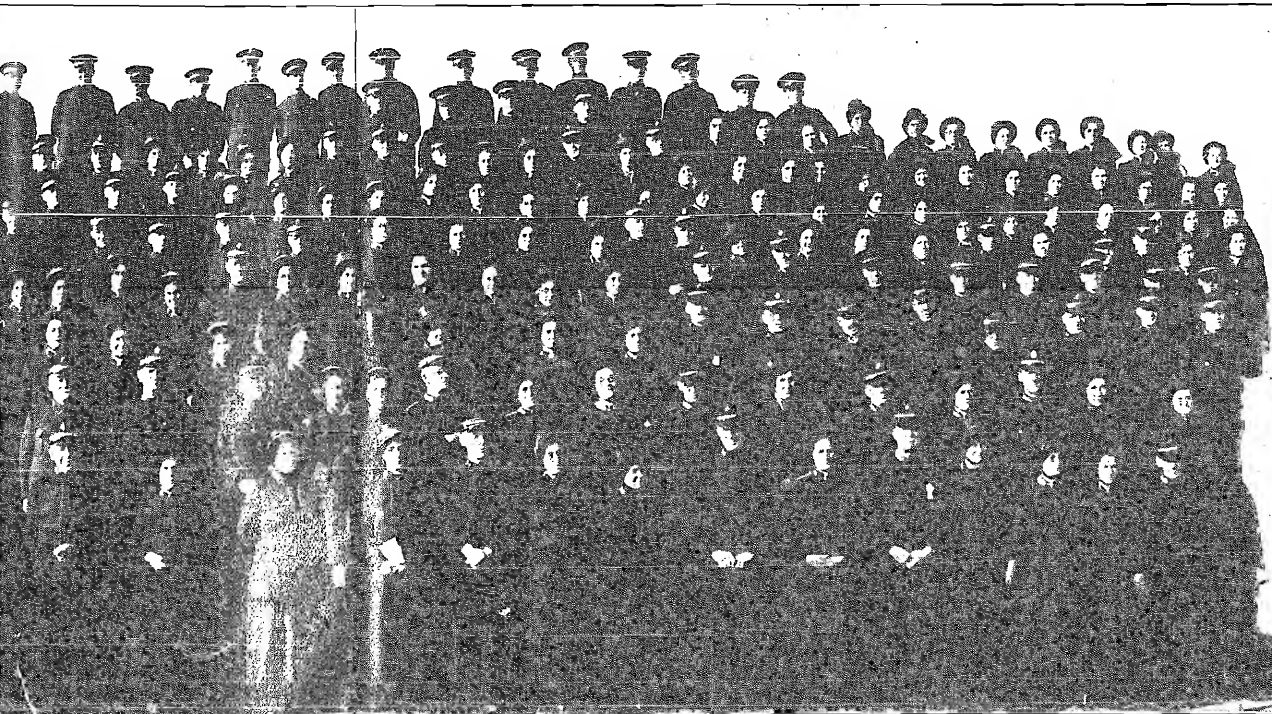
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SIXTH ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS IN INEPIG, WITH COLONEL MARY BOOTH AND COMMISSIONER AND MRS. RICH

Congress Sunday

(Continued from page 7)

A moment later we heard the same Witness in a splendid virile yet simple Christian testimony from Brother Hill, of Melfort, (M.L.A., Sask.), and with his words we were once more in the central theme of the Meeting, and which is—as we write—being repeated in song again and again by the praying host in the hall near by:

"Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now."

What a night of emotions it has been! How has it been possible for praying Salvationists to be other than moved! The Commissioner has led us from point to point in our worship and soul-saving expectancy. And Colonel Mary Booth has done more than make us see and hear her.

You who were not there missed a sight when she jumped to her feet and led us in the world anthem of The Army. The tune, the one the Founder made famous the world over—the Bandmaster needed no prompting as to the right one. No sooner did the Colonel give a hint of his song, than we all knew what she wanted. The old man was at the Rail once more; we saw his tall form, his flashing eye, his sweeping hands, and his thrilling voice was in our ears. How else could it be?

What were we singing? Oh, you know. There's no need at all to tell you:

"His Blood can make the vilest clean,
His Blood avails for me."

The collection was the briefest interlude, and though the Citadel Band played to us with all its usual charm—and some more—of "The Man of Sorrows," and though we listened with grateful joy to some of their wonderful cadences, we were all of an urge to hear the address of the night.

How simply eloquent it was. Not the slightest approach to affectation, but as a true and called-of-God preacher of His Gospel. A thorough Daughter of the Regiment, how she stands by the old truths, and how even the words of her text are as of the old days. The tender appeal of it caused almost a gasp to run through the audience.

Sentence after sentence, and not one of them but was weighted with thoughts of God and His Fatherlike call. Now and then a paragraph of wonderful phrasing, only to be followed by a tender word which was like to a mother calling her children, and a stretching forth of the hands which was as an actual invitation.

"Come to Jesus." How could anybody withstand that appeal? (And they are not, for as we sit here and hurriedly write, they are coming—twenty, thirty, still they come.)

Ransacked was the Bible story to tell how God by His holy Prophets and by His marvellous doings is always calling. The wondrousness of it, almost a crowning note. "Oh, how can I give thee up!" The old woman who cannot give up the search for her lost boy became as the Lord Himself in His untiring search for the wanderers.

We closed our eyes for a few moments, and our thoughts were away again. Echoes of the old General's song were still on the air. "His Blood avails for me." We were back among some of his immense audiences, the sense of it was all about us, and it has not left us as we write. The beloved form would not be denied; a voice was in our ears. We heard him say, "Will you not come?" And then there was Another Who said, "Will you not come unto Me?"

We aroused ourselves. It was Colonel Mary Booth who was audible, but the Other One was pleading too, and as Commissioner Rich so often says (has just said) "Someone is coming to Jesus to-night."

And they are still coming! We have looked into the hall. Hundreds are still with us, although it is past ten o'clock. The Mercy-Seat is still lined,

Saturday Night—The Soldiers' Meeting

A subdued murmur of delightful expectancy, and a prayerful excitement hovered over the crowd of Salvationists, and those who had once joined with us in the fray, as the forces gathered in the First Baptist Church for the Soldiers' Meeting with Colonel Mary Booth—a Meeting that was one of the Congress gems. The Colonel's address at the Friday night gathering had but served to whet our appetites, and it was with eagerness we awaited her coming.

A burst of enthusiasm welcomed her; the loyalty of the Winnipeg Soldiers shouted aloud in every hand-clap, in every fervent Amen, and every fiery Hallelujah. This spirit of Salvationism found ample vent in the opening song:

"Boundless is the Blood to save us,
Boundless is the power to cleanse,
Boundless is the grace to keep us,
Boundless is our work for men."

Hallelujah!

Boundless praises ne'er shall end."

The wave of song mounted higher and ever higher, as the truths of the song surged over our hearts. And again in the prayer-chorus, as we lifted our hearts to the Lord, pleading for cleansing, and as Brigadier Carter lead us in prayer, hearts were touched, vows renewed, even at that early hour in the Meeting, weak souls strengthened by the fervor of these around.

How our very souls thrilled as the Songsters sang, reiterating, "Sing Hallelujah, shout Amen, in the good old Army style." It was a ringing call for an out-and-out Salvationism, a call that appealed to many hearts.

Then came Brigadier Gosling's telling Scripture-reading, and pointed comments on the story of Gideon, and his three hundred, and his urgent appeal to Salvationists to be "strong in the Lord"—strong in character, purpose and conviction.

The congregation was in a worshipful attitude as the Citadel Band played, "My Jesus," and before the final beautiful setting of the tune, "Gossars" was finished, everyone was eager to burst into song. It did not take long for the Commissioner to take advantage of this,

Vancouver Citadel News

Vancouver Citadel (Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt). The news of Lt. Colonel Taylor's Promotion to Glory had a mellowing influence at the Citadel during the weekend, where we were in the midst of our Harvest Festival Thanksgiving celebrations. On the Saturday night we found the Hall decorated with foliage and flowers, and a pleasing array of fruits and vegetables.

The Sunday Meetings were in the hands of Lt. Colonel Payne and the Campaign Officers. The Holiness Meeting, under Envoy Alward, was of an inspiring character. Among those taking part were Major Habkirk, Captain Clifford Milby and Lieutenant Amos, the latter of the "Grace" staff. Brigadier Allen gave the address.

The Afternoon Meeting was specially set aside for praise, Major Habkirk and Staff-Captain Bourne in turn leading the

and forty, fifty have knelt there. There is a rampaging march proceeding around the house, the words are indistinguishable above the noise of the shouting and music, but the song is this:

"And then we'll crown Him Lord of all,
When the nations meet
At the Saviour's feet,
"We'll crown Him Lord of all."

Colonel Booth looks on, stands up, rattles her tambourine (that has en-

and gladly, with fixed bayonets, we sang, again and again, "Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus." That prayer in song, "Oh to know that Thou art mine," was answered for many hearts before the Meeting was finished.

There is nothing dramatic about Colonel Mary Booth's utterances, nothing involved or difficult of interpretation. The humblest Soldier, the newest, youngest Convert could follow her clear, exposition with ease; her ringing voice lent power to the age-old truths which she emphasised, as she spoke of "the Lord, ever, always, the same," and her evident gladness, joyous Salvationism was, in itself, a trenchant call to those who have weakened in the battle, or grown cold in the fight.

With many an illustration, some pathetic, some of fighting quality, some humorous, she drove home the fact that today Jesus has the same power—and that it is possible, now, for every Soldier of His to receive that power. She told of the German Colonel—her translator—who, before every Meeting, spends half an hour in prayer, and who, on one occasion attributed the non-success of a certain Meeting to the fact that he had failed to pray. She told of the little Corps Cadet—and in the telling brought tears to many eyes—who was asked by her mistress (who had seen a group of Salvationists fighting for their Lord) if her people were always as earnest. The young girl replied, "Yes, Madame, they are always as earnest." "Oh my comrades," said the Colonel, "may the Lord give us power to never fail that Corps Cadet. Let us be always in earnest."

Almost as the Colonel finished speaking, and before any singing, seekers commenced to come to the Mercy-Seat, and it was with joy that everyone was soon in the thick of a battle such as the true Salvationist delights in. Hard and long it raged, but many victories were won, many sins laid at the feet of Jesus; many a seeker received power from on high, and many a faltering one was strengthened and invigorated before the Meeting closed in triumphant songs of praise and glory.

testimony and song. Envoy Alward brought the Meeting to a close after a stirring address.

In the evening there was a strong muster of forces for each of the Open-Air Meetings, which were attended by large crowds, this being especially so with the Senior Band. The Envoy was again in charge of the Salvation Meeting, when we had our Altar Service. The Soldiers were also invited to give their contribution to the Grace Hospital Drive, and they responded generously. Staff-Captain Bourne spoke pointedly and encouragingly, and Colonel Payne made a stirring appeal for consecrated service. The "Grace" Officers sang together, "When I survey the wondrous cross," in the Prayer-Meeting there were several surrenders.

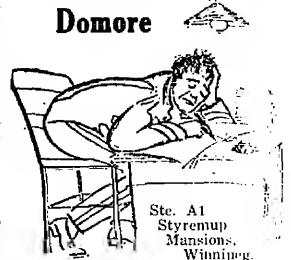
On the Monday night a Musical Festival was given by the Band and Songsters, when Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne jointly presided in a very acceptable manner.—G.A.

deared her to hundreds of us), Commissioner Rieh paces up and down; the flag-bearer seems almost super-enthusiastic, and then, suddenly there is a quiet over all as the sixty-first kneels and the benediction is pronounced.

Portage Avenue is a-glare with lights, and a throng with Salvationists, but the appeal of the Lord has been answered, and they have come.

For report of the Congress Musical Festival see page 9.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Dear Mr. Editor:

Isn't she a dear? I'm just gone crazy over her, and so has Dorcas, and so has Mrs. Nesdur—we took her to the Meetings on Friday and Sunday, and were only sorry she couldn't go on Saturday night, only that she isn't a Soldier. Oh, she's a gem, and so Army, too. What are you writing about? Well, she's a gem, Mrs. Nesdur? No! Not she's a gem, I mean Miss Mary!

I put my foot down and told Dorcas that we would have nobody to billet with us who wanted a lot of fuss, and who wouldn't help me with the washing-up, and so we've just had Captain Nancy, and she was so quick and thoughtful that I didn't even have to wipe, and so I got to all the Meetings in good time. Oh, but she is just cute. Well, Captain Nancy? No, no, of course not. She knows who I mean, and it's only because I am writing this letter myself that Dorcas keeps interrupting.

Say, wasn't she funny when the Colonel said Mr. Bracken would look well in a red jersey, and wasn't she just like her Dad, the General? Can't she just wrap up doses and make you swallow them before you've time to say "O Canada." Hasn't it been a lovely Congress, and don't I just wish I was going to Vancouver so that I could hear it all over again. (There you go again, putting your foot into it, as though she's only got one set of sermons. You make me mad.) I suppose you know, Mr. Editor, that all those italics are the "Sayings of Dorcas."

How are the sales going on? It's time you asked. I was on the phone for hours, almost, the other day, and couldn't hear anything except people asking where they should send their old clothes. But I did just manage to hear Brigadier Smith say that Cranbrook (Captain Danahy) has gone up thirty, and Vermillion (Captain Hawkins) and Lloydminster (Captain Allan) have gone down sixty between them. Hasn't it been a lovely Congress? All I hope that the latter comrades have got a spur-up from Colonel Mary.

Oh, yes, Mr. Editor. I've got a note about Adjutant Junker coming to tea. I hadn't forgotten my previous note about him, but I had to wait until Mrs. Junker got back from Denmark, and now, how long I wonder, must I wait until the Citadel makes an increase in their order; their present requisition is just "measly." Only, don't say anything about it yet.

I must close now. I am writing notes on Monday afternoon, and am hurrying along so that I can get a seat at the Congress Festival, which I can see the Bandmasters conducting, listen to Adjutant Davies and her c-tette. (And those Cadets yelling, "Hooray, I suppose.")

Good-bye, Mr. Editor; try to be good.

Yours doing the same,
Daniel Domore.

Sergeant Trueman, in the "War Cry," says, "There's lots-a jobs a feller c'n do. The worst misfortune that can fall on the aged is to have t' do and nowhere t' go. There's no 'flectioner advertisin' for old men t' nuts. That's a good job for the 'uns, but somewhat monotonous. The 'War Cry' sellin' is just the reverse; it's your limbs, it's a pleasant smile on your face, for, you know, yuh musn't when you're sellin' 'War Cry.'"

And we've shown this clipping to Daniel Domore; he says that they've a kind of sense in Chicago.

THE EDMONTON CONGRESS

LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH in Command

NOVEMBER 16th to 19th

Lt. Colonel Peacock, the newly appointed Field Secretary will also be present



Our Obedience

The Apostle

THE Apostle's definition of how sin shall put it this way: Obedience that accept the Lord's will. I ask you how you disobey lead soldiers he give them, tainly not, but Apostle tells us happy response obedience not and faith, because He tells me, I go the way, obey from the Lord from sin by the Many years comrade called of business, of her before face that was happy face full.

I Couldn't

So after we said to her, "saved?" and she told me the streets, and I could hardly

She said, "it, but it is from which I believe that poor headrags and fifth and

Well after often talking like you to the secret of secret of you off those old free from the never forget will give you ience." Yes

Comrade of have failed, of besetting the holy voice "Don't do this heart. If you obey from the what it is the

A Chinese Canon

IT came to market last of seven last coins are stuck on the shoulder for alms, he of his severe instead of be the kind man also.

What an in saying to You receive God six days The seventh

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS!



THE WINNIPEG CONGRESS FESTIVAL

Colonel Mary Booth Makes a Musical Appeal

IT IS no use saying that one Army Musical Festival is like any other, for there is always a difference—if only in the time that some of the performers take to get ready for their own special item. The Congress Festival of 1928 was entirely different from any others that we have heard and seen in Winnipeg, in that it was the first of its kind. In previous years the last official public event has been the Missionary Demonstration—and we confess to a lingering fondness for that arrangement—but on Monday night we finished up amidst a torrent of music and song.

The Grace Church, scene of so many final Congress events, was packed to its utmost limit when the curtains opened and we greeted the leaders of the Meeting—Colonel Mary Booth, Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, etc. The bands were piled together in the very limited space which was all the building could afford; the Congress Choir was seated tier on tier in the organ seats; and the gifted choir-master of the church—Mr. J. C. W. Agnew—was also ready at the organ.

With a burst of song which was typically "Army," we set off on our musical journey to the lilt and trip of "A Robe of White," with its undercurrent of counter-chorus, and by the time Brigadier George Smith had led us in prayer we were in a thoroughly ready frame of mind.

Those who think we are going to make this report a critique of the programme are to be disappointed; we know our limits. To pose as a musician is one thing, to go to press as one is another. We will not even venture on the much expressed statement of the Congress and say, "Here we are." We are not "here" in that sense.

But we tell you the Congress Festival was "put over" in fine style, and even our jaded and tired nerves were restored to some of their normal Armyism as the various items were presented. The "Herald of Praise" march, by the united bands, smashed down all our reserves, and we were obliged to sit up and take notice.

The Commissioner, who acted as Chairman, had all the items neatly interwoven so that there were no pauses which were of his creating; his happy asides and deft remarks kept matters moving evenly and gladly.

Sherbrooke Street Band, under the control of Bandmaster Stairs came creditably through "Thanksgiving," with its reiterated phrase, "Praise the Lord your God"; making a splendid introduction to

to the D.C. and those with him who acted as the ever-necessary stage managers. It was late, much too late, when Colonel Mary Booth rose to give her final Congress address; it is impossible for us to set it all down, but here are a few extracts:

I only wish we were back of the beginning of the programme. I should love it. I have had all my work cut out to keep me from standing in my feet. The display of young people's activities was splendid. No one believes in this as I do. We are going to do great things for such young people in Germany. God bless you, you dear Officers and Leaders who are working for our young people. Go on with it. It is the greatest opportunity. We never know what the young people are going to do. They are the men and women of the future. You don't know what the boys and girls that were on this platform are going to do. They will knock spots off Commissioner Rich!

Who would have thought that that boy singing in the streets of a little German town would become Martin Luther; that that boy who only had one year of school would be the one to free the slaves—Abraham Lincoln; that the little English girl born in Italy, who found a poor, wounded dog in the street when she was five years old, and bound up his leg, would become the "Lady of the Lamp"—Florence Nightingale; and that the boy playing outside the chapel with his marbles, who followed the minister inside would become William Booth, our Founder.

I don't know how long you want the address tonight. I don't think you are in the mood for an address. You must be tired of my notes, but I would like to say that I love music and I have enjoyed every minute of this Festival tonight. It would be a strange world without the birds or flowers, but without music it would be beyond imagination. I wish I could write a book that would take its place among the classics of the world. I wish I could write a poem or paint a beautiful picture but most of all I wish I could write a song that would find a place in the hearts of men and women all around the world. I envy your Editor because he writes songs that sing themselves round the world.

I love the music of nature. I love to hear birds singing on a Spring morning. I love to hear the ripple of a brook and the splash of a waterfall. I have walked by the seashore and heard the music of the waves and listened with me to God's great orchestra, the crash of thunder. I love, most of all, The Army music. Thank God for it. Our Bandsmen and Songsters who are playing and singing around the world, the glad tidings of Salvation are doing a great work.

I sometimes think of music as being like Jacob's ladder; the songs we sing, the times we play, they are like the angels going up and up until they reach Heaven. And then the music comes to our hearts from Heaven like the angels coming down the ladder to Jacob sleeping at the foot. I felt that tonight while the Songsters were singing and the Band playing I felt the music of heaven coming down. I thank God for the songs of blessing, of inspiration and of joy; for the songs of the day, and the songs of the night. I thank God for songs.

On one occasion a great musician came to my house in Germany—a wonderful pianist, who told me she could play one hundred pieces from memory, straight off. She played on my poor little piano—wonderful harmonies, that uplifted and blessed me. I felt heavenly beyond words to have her there, but when she had gone I felt there was one thing for which I could never

(Continued on page 12)

Our Occasional Talk

The Dominion of Sin

THE Apostle says, "Sin shall not have dominion over you," and he explains how sin shall not reign over us. He puts it this way, he says: "For ye have obeyed from the heart, and it is heart-obedience that gives us liberty. When I accept the principle of doing what my Lord tells me He leads me into liberty."

I ask you how can He set you free if you disobey Him? Can any general lead soldiers who are rebelling? Can he give them much of a victory? Certainly not, but if you will do what the Apostle tells you from the heart in that happy response of love and faith, that obedience not by constraint, but of love and faith, because I love Him I do what He tells me, because I trust Him wholly I go the way He bids me, then as you obey from the heart you are made free from sin by the obedience of the heart.

Many years ago a Salvation Army comrade called upon me upon a matter of business. I had no knowledge at all of her before that morning. She had a face that was lit up from inside, a holy, happy face full of joy and peace.

I Could Hardly Believe It

So after we had done our business I said to her: "Do tell me how you were saved?" and to my great astonishment she told me that she had been an habitual drunkard, that she had lived upon the streets; and as I looked at her bright face I could hardly believe it.

She said, "You would hardly believe it, but it is like a horrible nightmare from which I have awakened, I can hardly believe that I am the same person as that poor bedraggled wretch who lived in sin and filth and under the power of drink."

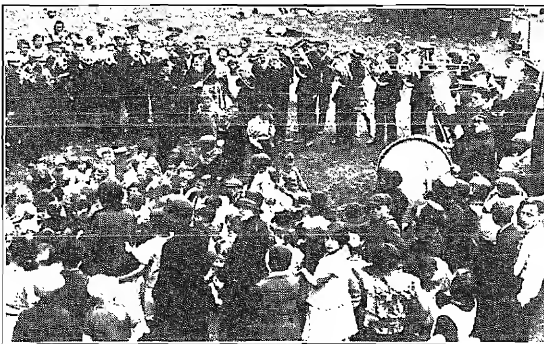
Well after a little while I said: "I am often talking to young people, I would like to tell you very shortly what was the secret of your recovery, what was the secret of your standing up free, casting off those old fearful bonds of sin and being free from the reign of sin." And I shall never forget her reply. She said: "I will give you it in a word, 'Prompt obedience.' 'Ye have obeyed from the heart.'"

Comrade of mine, that is where you have failed. When the Spirit warns you of besetting sin you do not listen, when the holy voice of your Saviour says: "Don't do that" you do not obey from the heart. If you want to be free you must obey from the heart, and you will know what it is then to be free yourself.

A Chinese Parable with a Canadian Application

IT came to pass that a man went to market having on his shoulder a string of seven large copper coins. (Chinese coins are strung on strings and carried on the shoulder.) Seeing a beggar crying for alms, he gave the poor creature six of his seven coins. Then the beggar, instead of being grateful, crept up behind the kind man and stole the seventh coin also.

What an abominable wretch! Yes, but in saying this you condemn yourselves. You receive from the hand of the gracious God six days, yet you are not content. The seventh you also steal.



SALVATION IN THE HOP-FIELDS
An intensive Salvation Effort has been proceeding among English hop-pickers; our illustration shows the New Barnet Band, with Lt.-Colonel J. Evan Smith, Bandmaster, conducting a hop-field campaign in Kent.



One Objective Reached

Dauphin (Captain and Mrs. Johnson). Great excitement prevailed in Army circles last weekend, when Brigadier Smith was with us to conduct the opening ceremony of our new Y.P. Hall, this taking place on Saturday, October 6. The Brigadier read the account of the dedication of Solomon's Temple, emphasizing the passage, "Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, how much less this house that I have built." Immediately following the opening the Brigadier gave an interesting and instructive lantern lecture on "Newfoundland".

Throughout the weekend the Brigadier's theme was "The Voyage of Life," and many good things came our way from his book of experience. While we cannot report souls, many hearts were blessed and stirred, and we believe some will surrender soon.

This special weekend concluded with a Musical Festival on the Monday night, when a record audience listened to the singing of our newly-formed Songster Brigade, which on this occasion made its first appearance. We pray that God will use the Brigade in the winning of souls for His Kingdom. Recitations, drills and solos also interested us on this occasion. We are pleased to report that our Centenary Harvest Festival effort has been a decided success. In smashing our target we went 35% over last Harvest Festival. The Sale went splendidly; our largest item being potatoes, of which we had no less than 60 bushels; other produce loaded down the platform and tables. The returns for this were 40% above last Harvest Festival, so our 20% Centenary increase has been passed. The Soldiers divided in teams went 150% over last Harvest Festival, in the residential district.—"Overcomers"

Won in Hospital

Maple Creek, (Captain Hranic and Lieut. Jones). Every Sunday afternoon we hold a short Meeting in one of the wards at the Hospital by kind permission of the Matron. Many of the patients are cheered by our message, and some who are Christians give voluntary testimonies. Last Sunday after our Meeting, a patient who had heard us the week before, but had not yielded, asked the Captain to pray for him, with the result that he claimed Christ as his personal Saviour.—H.A.W.

Harvest Offerings

Home Street, Winnipeg (Captain and Mrs. Arthur Smith). With the fruits of the harvest arranged tastefully before us, we gathered once again to offer our "Thanks" to God for His goodness to us. But ere the day closed we had much more than material blessings to be thankful for, for one young comrade came forward in the morning and two other young girls wept their way to the Mercy-Seat in the evening.

The sale of the produce which was held on the Tuesday following realized the splendid sum of \$75. Captain and Mrs. Smith having received their marching orders farewelled from our midst last Sunday. Their stay in the Corps has been a blessing to us and we very sincerely regret that they are so soon going from us.—W.I.

Swift Current (Ensign and Mrs. Dorin). The Annual Harvest Festival was a success, and our Target of \$100 was smashed. Last Sunday we said farewell to Ensign and Mrs. Dorin whose short stay among us has been a great blessing. We pray that God will continue to be with them. Candidate Jones also recently farewelled for the Training Garrison. Good crowds are attending our Open-Air Meetings.—J.K.

A Trio of Calgary Weddings

NEXT PLEASE!

Adjutant Waterston, the energetic Calgary Social Officer, is not a barber, neither does he run a shoe-shine parlor, but he has been termed by the Calgary Soldiers as the champion knotter. For he has during the past two weeks conducted no less than three weddings. In fact he has mastered the art so well that the last ceremony he conducted almost without looking at his book.

We believe that this performance of the Adjutant constitutes a record as far as Calgary is concerned. All three weddings were of first class order with the Citadel almost filled with friends on these special occasions.

Officers Farewell

Saskatoon Citadel (Ensign and Mrs. Collier.) By well organized and united effort our Harvest Festival Target of \$1000 has been smashed. In less than a week the greater portion of this amount was collected by the comrades of the Corps who turned out in teams to "put it over." Enthusiasm ran high, and this splendid victory was attained.

Adjutant and Mrs. Shaw said farewell to Saskatoon in a series of Meetings over the weekend. On the Sunday victorious Meetings were conducted by these comrades and we rejoiced in seeing five persons kneel at the Mercy-Seat. Hallelujah!

On Monday evening an Officers' farewell tea was presided over by Brigadier Gosling when representative speakers spoke in appropriate terms of the Adjutant's lengthy and successful stay in the city. This was also the occasion of the farewell of Captain Young and Lieut. Bell from the West-side Corps, and mention was made of these comrades and their work in that sphere. A public gathering followed when a splendid crowd gathered to say goodbye to the farewelling Officers mentioned.—F.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Sister Mrs. Myers, Vancouver Citadel

The ranks of Vancouver Citadel Corps have suffered another thinning out. Within recent weeks Sister Mrs. Myers has been called Home. Our comrade, with her husband, put in such faithful attendance at the Sunday Meetings that when, a few months ago they failed to occupy their wonted position in the Hall, anxious enquiries were made regarding them. Since then Mrs. Myers' health has been gradually failing, and she ultimately passed peacefully away. Of a bright, active, cheerful disposition, those coming in contact with her would not readily have suspected her of having reached the advanced age of well over three score and ten.

Adjutant Cubitt conducted the services and the Funeral, and Major Jaynes, who

The first couple married were Brother Lapp and Sister Eva Jackson, who, after their marriage, went to Saskatoon to make their future home. Next was Brother S. Pilkington and Sister Ethel Middleton. They will reside in Calgary and still remain Soldiers of the Citadel Corps. Then last came Brother Baden-Powell Lewis, the Corps drummer, and Songster Eva Watts. These comrades will also make their home in Calgary. We trust that God's blessing shall be with them each one and that they may be a great blessing to others.

The scribe in speaking to Adjutant Waterston said he thinks there are other young couples thinking the question over for the future.

The Citadel was very prettily decorated on each occasion, well within keeping with The Salvation Army traditions. Each couple were the recipients of tributes from their parents and friends and all went to show how their work in the Corps has been appreciated. And through it all we hope and pray that the Citadel Corps and the Kingdom of God shall benefit by the uniting together of these young lives.—Observer.

Victoria News

Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett. As a preliminary to the Centenary Campaign, Adjutant Merrett held Soldiers' Councils a few weeks ago, on Sunday morning and afternoon. At present he is giving a series of special "Holiness Health Talks" every Sunday morning, and at the Wednesday night Soldiers' Meeting, particular attention is paid to Army doctrine, in an effort to keep the standard raised by the Founder well to the front. Last Wednesday night, by means of a chart, the Adjutant gave a thorough explanation of The Army plan for Young People's work. These Meetings are very helpful and interesting.

Four sisters were enrolled on Sunday afternoon, three of them Life Saving Guards transferred from the Junior Corps. Already there is a new name for the latter Roll with the arrival of Master Milley, whose parents are Victoria Soldiers. Songster North, who has been a hospital patient for several weeks, following a serious operation, is slowly recovering. Mrs. Adjutant Sharp too, will soon, we hope, be able to come to the Citadel.

Summer visitors have departed and we miss their cheery words and smiles, from Sergeant Collins of New York I, to those of neighboring Corps. God bless them all and keep them in His care.—A.E.T.

was well acquainted with Mrs. Myers, led the Memorial Service in the Citadel, and sang several appropriate solos. Mrs. Cubitt, who, along with the Adjutant, had been much in attendance upon her during her illness, spoke at some length of her sufferings, and triumphant passing.

Brother Bottrill, Vancouver Citadel

Brother Bottrill was Promoted to Glory within a short time of Mrs. Myers. He too, had passed the "allotted span," and had for many years, been a severe sufferer, sometimes being so lame that it was impossible for him to get to the Meetings, and he had frequently to get hospital treatment.

But amidst it all the writer has pleasant

A Notable Weekend

Neepawa (Lieutenant Hillary). A wave of Salvation was experienced at Neepawa during the last weekend in September, on the occasion of the farewell of Captain Fitch. Special visitors added to our blessing, among them being Commandant Beardsell of New York, and Lieutenant McCleery from Elmwood, and Y.P. Band-Leader Fitch from Vancouver III. The Open-Air Meeting on Saturday night gripped the attention of a large crowd, and many were blessed.

The Holiness Meeting was rich in blessing, Lieutenant Hillary's address on "The Crucified Life," increasing our sense of reverence for sacred things. In the afternoon Captain Fitch farewelled at the Company Meeting. Band-Leader Fitch was a welcome visitor, giving a short talk, and leading some singing.

At night, the Open-Air Meeting, led on by our genial friend, Commandant Beardsell prepared us for a great battle at the Citadel. The latter was well filled and we revelled in a good Salvation Meeting. Commandant Beardsell, Lieutenants Hillary and McCleery and Band-Leader Fitch spoke briefly and helpfully, bringing conviction to the unsaved. The Songsters sang feelingly, "Come with thy sin," following which the Captain brought vividly before us the story of the trial of Jesus. Conviction was very evident, and during the Prayer-Meeting our faith was rewarded by seven souls making their peace with God. Hallelujah!—L.F.

Sailors Seek Salvation

North Vancouver (Captain Finnie and Lieutenant Stohhart). On the 24th, October 7, we welcomed our new Officers, Captain Finnie and Lieutenant Stohhart, and had rousing Meetings all day. Ensign Goodwin came to the Holiness Meeting, bringing with him a number of the boys from one of the ships that travel to the Old Country. At night the Captain spoke very convincingly, and in the Prayer-Meeting we had the delight of seeing four sailor-boys kneeling at the Altar. During the Prayer-Meeting three of our comrades rendered a charming vocal item.—"Bill"

recollections of the genial greetings he would always extend. He had the habit of calling me by my Christian name, and there was something in the way he would say, "George," which contained encouragement and inspiration. When he was at all able he loved to mingle with the Open-Air crowd on a Sunday evening, and when I happened to be giving my testimony it was his face in the crowd that somehow made it easier for me.

Adjutant Cubitt conducted the service, and also, although the farewelling Sunday night was that of the farewelling of the Candidates, he devoted part of the Meeting to references to our comrade's passing, and mentioning especially the suffering he endured towards the end of his life from his example. Several moral hymns were sung, and the Bottrill and family much sympathy was expressed.—G.A.

On Monday afternoon Adjutant and Mrs. Junker conducted the service of the son of Brother Bottrill, Downey, time-honored Salvationist of the Citadel. Although not known to many comrades, his removal to a farm, two miles outside the city, yet our comrade's loyalty and the testimony of a true soldier before his departure had a true effect. "We sorrow—not as those who have lost a friend."—R.W.

CHAIRMAN

Mrs. Denny

It was June in the long and sunny morning sunshine, in the last sleepy of the last day in the Summer of token of farewell. Mrs. Bristow had command of another had had many of loved, but very endeared themselves as had Ensign a fact had been at audience who had Sunday night was farewelled.

It was now Tuesday above the hall to their personal but had come in to this. She said to unpack her to assist on helping and as they work things, but for the let the two women.

"Just think," said at her eyes with just three years came to us. This happened in those in other ways than fact! As I said, I seen lots of officers go away again, I ever seen any good-by to us but everybody else felt it, too."

Sorry to see "It's very nice that way about Bristow," and we are grateful to you very sorry to go have been gone have been here. very dear to us, them."

"Yes, an' the either!" broke in "An' there's me that has good There's Officer O'piest man, an' wasn't even away God only it just marvelous Helen are getting can never forget it did my heart. I'm testify in the I was kind of so Helen up an' night Danny got all the way home he just the sweetest."

"Officer O'D pointed when D come to make th their marriage. badly, but Helen not hear of it a to live with Helen she never knew tached to anyone."

"Some Folks"

"Yes, sir; I that'll never for done for them. to help them on the only ones, e folks down in never forget. T of the big strike for them then, you gave 'em, a"

"Oh, and I al broke in Mrs. eyes shining. "G to bid good-by told him that he the poor of Sa babies with nil while we have b splendid? It he both The Army that Mr. Murr he was so sick."

"It certainly in the first pla done it at all there to him in to do it!" rejoined to the young off Mrs. Bristow fun



Weekend

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Meeting was rich in Hillary's address Life," increasing our or sacred things. In main Fitch farewelled eeting. Band-Leader me visitor, giving a ding some singing.

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Salvation

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noon Adjusted and ducted the funeral of Brother and Sister red Salvationists at ough not a family comrades, heroes of arm, twenty takes our comrades, many of the way had a true flag in it, those without hope.

—J.R.W.

CHAPTER XXII Mrs. Denny Discourses Again

IT was June in Sardis again. June by the long and sweet golden day of brimming sunshine, from the first call of the robin in the hush before the dawn to the last sleepy twitter of the swallows in the Summer dusk. And June by the token of farewell orders! For Ensign and Mrs. Bristow had been ordered on to the command of another Corps. Sardis Corps had had many officers who had been well-loved, but very few of them who had so endeared themselves to the hearts of all as had Ensign and Mrs. Bristow. This fact had been attested by the enormous audience who had crowded the Hall on Sunday night when they had publicly farewelled.

It was now Tuesday, and in the quarters above the hall they were busy packing their personal belongings. Mrs. Denny had come in to help Mrs. Bristow with this. She said that she had helped her to unpack her things and now she insisted on helping her pack them again, and as they worked they talked of many things, but for the most part the Ensign let the two women do the talking.

"Just think," said Mrs. Denny, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief, "it was just three years ago this month that you came to us. Three years! So much has happened in those three years! An' yet in other ways they're gone altogether too fast! As I said when you came, I've seen lots of officers come to Sardis, an' go away again, but I don't know 'I've ever seen any go that I hated 'I say good-by to as bad 'I do you folks; an' everybody else feels the same way about it, too."

Sorry to Leave Sardis

"It's very nice to know that folks feel that way about us," returned Mrs. Bristow. "and we appreciate it, too, and are grateful toward them, and we are very sorry to go away from Sardis. We have been wonderfully blest while we have been here. The people have grown very dear to us, and we can never forget them."

"Yes, an' they'll never forget you, either," broke in the voluble Mrs. Denny. "An' there's many an' many of them that has good cause to remember you. There's Officer O'Donnell, he's the happiest man, an' when you came here he wasn't even saved, an' his Danny was away God only knew where. An' ain't it just marvelous the way Danny an' Helen are getting on? I'm sure they can never forget what you did for them. It did my heart good to hear both of 'em testify in the Sunday night meetin'. I was kind o' scared about things when Helen an' married him, but I sure has turned out fine. I was so glad the night Danny got saved that I cried most all the way home. An' little Alan, ain't he just the sweetest thing!"

"Officer O'Donnell was sort of disappointed when Danny and Helen did not come to make their home with him after their marriage. He wanted them to so badly, but Helen's father simply would not hear of it at all, so they went there to live with Helen's people. Helen says she never knew her father to be so attached to anyone as he is to little Alan."

"Some Folks'll Never Forget You"

"Yes, sir; I'll say there's some folk that'll never forget you, an' what you've done for them. You've sure done a lot to help them on the way, an' they ain't the only ones, either. There's a heap o' folks down in London Bridge who'll never forget. They remember the Winter of the big strike, an' all you folks done for them, the groceries, the clothes you gave 'em, an' the coal."

"Oh, and I almost forgot to tell you," broke in Mrs. Bristow, her wide, clear eyes shining. "Ensign went up yesterday to bid good-by to Mr. Murray, and he told him that we would keep on supplying the poor of Sardis with coal, and the babies with milk, just as he has done while we have been here! Isn't that just splendid? It has been a good thing for both the Army and the poor of Sardis that Mr. Murray did not die that time he was so sick."

"It certainly was fine of him to do it in the first place, an' he wouldn't have done it at all if Ensign hadn't gone up there to him in the first place an' got him to do it!" rejoined the other, her loyalty to the young officers coming to the front. Mrs. Bristow fully understood this spirit

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

We cannot allow this serial to close without expressing our thanks to the gifted writer for his encouraging and inspiring story, and also the New York "War Cry" for its kindly permission to reprint the same. We feel sure it has had a message to our readers, and will long be counted one of our most successful features.—Ed.

of loyalty, and therefore did not take issue with her about it.

For a short time the work of packing went on without either of them speaking, but as they worked the mind of each was filled with diverse thoughts that brought a flood of tender memories—memories of three years filled with joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, fulfillments and disappointments; years that had bound their hearts very close together in a bond of sympathy and fellowship. It was Mrs. Bristow who first broke the silence that had settled over them.

"I was out to Woodlawn Cemetery yesterday afternoon," she said. "I went while Ensign went up to say good-by to Mr. Murray. I wanted to see Will Coulter's grave again before we go away from Sardis."

"Poor Will!" Mrs. Denny sighed expressively, but whether the sigh was

Poor Will was a sort o' Samson in that way, for he slew more in his death than in his life."

"I think if Will knows what is going on on earth he must be well content; and he was glad to go I think. Almost his last words were that there is no temptation there."

Stirred by tender memories again their fell a silence between them. There were many things to do, and so they kept busy. And they did not lack for things to talk about either. The soft June twilight was fading when Mrs. Denny finally bade them a tearful adieu and took her way homeward. The young officers were leaving very early the next morning; in fact they were going by the same train which had brought them to Sardis three years before.

In the gray of the early June dawn they rose next morning and quietly did the few things preparatory to leaving. It was with deeply stirred feelings that they took leave of the quarters that had grown so



A soft mist of tears in her wide, wistful eyes.

altogether in memory of Will Coulter or on account of the mention of the approaching parting with the beloved officers, it is doubtful if she herself knew. "Frank and Jim have put a simple stone over Will's grave; the inscription on it touched me when I saw it. Just his name and the years of his age, and then the text, 'Faithful unto death.' And truly he was even that."

"Yes, an' in a way of speakin' his death did lots more than he did in his life. I have heard any number of men say that it was the way that Will Coulter came to his death that had more to do with the sweeping the saloons out of Sardis than any other one thing. It certainly did stir the people up when it came out that he had really been killed because he wouldn't drink. An' him bein' such a notorious drunkard before that, too, it sure stirred the people up and made them vote against the drink.

dear to them during their stay there. Every room seemed to be alive with memories and spoke to them in an intimate, silent way. Here Officer O'Donnell came so often to sit and talk with them about Danny. Here it was that Helen Ormond had moved about so quietly and had stolen into their hearts so tenderly. It seemed this last morning they could almost hear the echo of little Alan's gurgling, high-pitched baby laughter. It was here that Will Coulter had been brought after his last drinking spree, here they had pleaded with him, and it was out of here that he had gone that night when he had found a lasting peace for his tempest-tossed soul. It was here they had wrestled

with their problems and won their victories. So many things had happened here that now as they came to say farewell to it all they were moved very deeply.

They made their way through the silent streets to the railway station. When they came to the little restaurant on Depot Street where they had broken their fast that first morning they went in to say good-by to the proprietor.

"We are going away now," said the Ensign to him, "and we just dropped in to say good-by to you, and to thank you for all your kindness. I hope you will treat my successor as well as you have me."

"Well," said the man, "I'm sorry to see you go. I told you when you came that I'd buy The War Cry from you, and I have."

"Yes, and I just wanted to say thank you, and good-by."

That Other Morning Three Years Ago

They entered the station, and having bought their tickets, they went out and down the short flight of steps to the station platform. Everything reminded them strongly of that other morning three years before when they had seen it for the first time. It might have been the same scattered cars that rested on the network of tracks, the same dingy factory buildings huddled on the river bank. Across the river the hills rose steeply, and the same tender green decked the trees that they had first seen wet with the warm June rain.

They came and stood in the same sheltered place on the station platform where they had knelt to pray that other June morning. Mrs. Bristow impulsively caught hold of her husband's hand, and said, "Truly, dear, God did answer the prayer that we prayed here that morning! I believe He has made us a blessing to Sardis while we have been here."

But they were not left long alone with their emotions and memories, for out of love for the young officers who were leaving them the soldiers gathered for a last word with them. Thus before the train rolled in there were more than fifty of the members of the corps there to bid them good-by. Bandmaster Frank Coulter was there, and Officer O'Donnell, with Danny and Helen and little Alan, the latter greatly excited by his early morning adventure. Ensign and Mrs. Bristow were much moved by this token of love on the part of the soldiers.

Farewell Messages and Kindly Wishes

Then the whistle of the coming train was heard in the distance. Someone started to sing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and they all tried to join in, but for the most part it was rather quavery singing. Then the train came, and with a great shaking of hands and calling of farewell messages and kindly wishes, the young officers stepped aboard. Afterward from their vantage point at the open window of the car they still kept saying those little last words, whose tenderness is hidden by a feigned lightness.

Then the train began to move away from the gathered crowd on the platform. Mrs. Bristow bent eagerly so that she might see for just as long as possible the dear faces of the friends they were leaving.

When they had at last faded from her vision she turned to her husband. The soft mist of tears in her wide, wistful eyes caused the morning light to break in them into little stars as she softly quoted with a catch in her voice, "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with Me in white: for they are worthy."

(THE END)

A Commendable Boy

In a school whose teachers try to make their examination questions topical, the children were set to solve this problem: "If one racehorse can run a mile in a minute and a half, and another is able to do the same distance in two minutes, how far ahead would the first horse be if the two ran a race of two miles at these respective speeds?"

What the answer is I do not know, as I dare not work it out, one little boy having set me an example, that I feel it my duty to follow. He returned his paper with that question unanswered, except that he had written, where his answer should have been, these brave words: "I refuse to have anything to do with horse-racing."

NEXT WEEK:

A Thoroughly Intriguing Army Story
"The Note in the Flap-Pocket"

OR

"How Sandie McDougall was brought to the Fold"

Centenary Call Campaign

"We've all got to fight,
And we won't run away."

WAR CRY

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1928

Vol. IX.

No. 43

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquirer". One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2240—William Seebie, Canadian, formerly of Ripley, Bruce Co., Ont., age 54, fair, medium height, sister Mrs. Adams, anxiously enquires.
2235—Johannes Remahl, alias J. Johnson, born in Finland, 1856, fair hair, short, last heard of in Alaska. Relatives seeking.
2232—Wm. Frederick Bulcher, alias Wm. F. Palmer, age 37, fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Native of London. Slight scar on forehead. Last heard of in Calgary. Mother anxious to locate.

2236—Hjalmar Johannes Blomdren, age 50, tall, dark hair, blue eyes, last heard of at Prince Albert, Sask. Son anxious to locate.
2237—Elin Hildebrand Forsman, age 32, average height, dark hair, blue eyes, last heard of in Vancouver. Relatives wish to find.
2238—Edward Lindroos, born in Finland, short, dark hair, broad shoulders, last heard of in Vancouver. Relatives seeking.

2239—Johan Mattsson Worgren, born in Finland, 1872, tall, fair, has one glass eye, last heard of in Alaska. Sister anxious to locate.

2229—Harold Johnsen, age 35, average height, fair hair, blue eyes, last known address Allenby, B.C. Parents anxiously enquire.

2214—George John Draker, 32 years of age, 5 ft. 5 in., 125 lbs., medium build, ruddy complexion, clean shaven. Was member of 86th Machine Gun Battalion. Also had a tattoo mark on right arm. Wife very worried.

2157—Mrs. Wilvert, married under the name of Mrs. Andrew Burgess in 1915. Friends anxious to locate.

1425—Nils Stensholdt, Norwegian, age 48, medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard of at Edmonton. Brother anxious to find.

2218—Charles Frederick May, age 38, height 5 ft. 9 in., brown eyes, brown hair, garage man or farmer. Last seen in Lumbly, B.C. Mother anxiously enquires.

2239—Albert Imhof, born Sept. 12th, 1891, native of Switzerland. His father is a teacher. Last heard of at Kesteven, Sask. Family longs for news.

2220—David and Harry Bailey, they were dyers, natives of Cornwall, Yorks. Engaged in farming pursuits in B.C. If their descendants relatives in England are anxious to communicate.

2221—Ernest Orme, former, native of Birmingham, England. Last heard of in 1914 and his address was Clarendon Farm, Sask. Relative anxious to locate.

2222—Bertram Elmer Bowler, age 27, height 5 ft. 4 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Mother anxiously enquires.

2198—John Lee, age 51, height 5 ft. 1 in., 120 lbs., experienced farmer, dark hair, hazel eyes. Wife anxious to find.

2223—John Victor Hagglund, Swedish, age 51, blue eyes, painter, last heard of at Regina. Sister wants to locate.

2225—George Norman Hunt, last heard from in Calgary, 1924. Mother and brother at Decker Lake, B.C., anxious for news.

2228—Mary Jane McGee, born in Glassboro, Potting, Co. Donegal, Ireland. Later went to Scotland, and from there to Toronto and Winnipeg. Followed domestic service in Scotland. Daughter, Agnes, very anxious to locate.

2191—Walter Hendy, age 46, for many years lived in Vancouver, was a B.C.M.P., lived in Calgary 9 years ago. Thought to be a farmer. Father, age 95, wishes to know his whereabouts.

2230—Maxwell Harrison Hark, age about 31, fair complexion, small build, married. Last heard of about 7 years ago when he was working and keeping a restaurant in Winnipeg. Supposed now to be in the insurance business. Aunt in Midland, Ont., anxious for news of him, which will be to his advantage.

2242—James E. Bassett, age 51, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair and eyes, slender build, unmarried. Drove a new Chrysler automobile, sport roadster, bearing Maryland license, tag No. 184212. Has appeared from Seattle, Washington, and thought to have come to Canada. Father extremely anxious to locate.

2209—William Edward Paine, age 55, last known address Aberdeen, Sask. Was railroad worker. Mother very anxious.

2205—Ralph Leggett, age 28, height 6 ft. 1 in., wore glasses, last heard of at Six Mile Creek. Missing five years. Grandmother anxiously enquires.

2072—Albert Victor Hankinson, age 51, average height, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Edmonton, Alta. Wife and child very anxious to hear from him.

1924—Henry Grellet, French Canadian, age 39, medium height, slight build, dark hair, dark eyes, dark complexion, brown eyes, carpenter. Last heard from at Port Arthur, Ont. Decided limp on right side.

Christians Awake!

Salute the happy morn! Here's the Christmas "Cry" again! It scarcely seems possible that a whole year has passed since we were last planning and scheming and preaching—and selling the Xmas Number; but so it is, and a lot of joys and blessings have been ours since then.

We feel sure that this year's Special Issue will not be the least bit behind its predecessors, good as many of them have been, and we announce most confidently that it will be a ready seller. The printers are hot on the press with it, and as soon as orders come to hand they will be completed and dispatched.

The pictorial scheme is delightful. The frontispiece is an exquisite picture of "The Boy Christ" in a lovely Canadian setting. Other items in the colour plates are: "A sinner like me," a typical Army Open-Air scene; "Subject unto them"; a two-page plate of Jesus in His home at Nazareth, etc., etc.

There are special articles by The General and Mrs. Booth; the Commissioner; the Chief Secretary. Stories of a really thrilling nature—Army and otherwise. Songs and Poems. A spirited and delightful number. Price 10c.

The circulation of the Christmas "War Cry" has, for a number of years past, been a most gratifying success, and we are aiming at topping all records for this year. There is no reason it should not be so; good crops and good sales constitute ready and willing customers.

The Commissioner has agreed that the following scheme of competitive sales should be followed, and we feel sure this will be a splendid incentive to all Officers and Soldiers who have their wits about them.

- 1st—To the Division making the largest percentage of increase over last year's standard \$25.00
- 2nd—To the Corps Officer selling the largest number in the Territory \$25.00
- 3rd—To the Corps Officer who leads the Territory in making the largest percentage of increase over the standard number \$20.00
- 4th—To the Officer in each Division making the largest percentage of increase over the standard number \$10.00
- 5th—To the Soldier in each Division selling the largest number \$ 5.00
- 6th—To the Man and Woman Cadet selling the largest number, each \$ 5.00

If the above terms are not clear, we shall be glad to answer any queries, but don't wait for our reply, get on with the selling, and we'll do the settling. Our motto: No delay in the sales—no delay in the awards.



Centenary Call Campaign

Till all the drink and mis-
Has all been swept away.

Salvation Songs

Tune: "Count your Blessings"
Since the Lord redeemed us from the power of sin,
Since His Spirit sealed us other lives to win,
Grace enough is given that we may enter in,
And we prove the promises of God are sure.

CHORUS:

All the promises of God are sure,
Through the ages will His word endure,
Hallelujah! To the heart that's pure,
All the gracious promises of God are sure!

What the Lord ordaineth will be for the best,
Just to trust and follow Him is perfect rest;
Never will He fail us if our faith is pure,
For we know the promises of God are sure!

Hope will give us courage in the darkest night,
Faith and love will make the heavy burden light;
Let us, then, be cheerful, and our hearts assure
That the gracious promises of God are sure!

—Lt.-Col. A. Orshorn.

Tune: "My ain Folk"

My song shall be of Jesus!
There's music in His Name,
And with melody He filled me
When to His dear Cross I came.
My soul was unawakened
And of danger naught I knew
Till one who loved Him lifted
Jesus to my wandering view.

CHORUS:

So you see why my song is all of Jesus,
Why to me His Name is clear and precious,
If His love you only know
It would be the same with you:
You'll find no friend who satisfies like Jesus.

My song shall be of Jesus!
For people far and near
Thirst and perish, while the others
Living water pure and clear
They find earth's cisterns broken,
And sin's husks increase their pain,
So let my song remind them
Of the Saviour's call again.

My song shall be of Jesus!
The sinner's fever-pain
By His healing touch is banished,
And He breaks the gallows chain,
My heart delights to praise Him,
For His love such joy does bring,
And so, from morn till even,
Of His goodness let me sing.

R.T.

The Winnipeg Congress Festival

(Continued from page 9)

forgot myself. She had been to a house, she had played on my piano, but that piano was out of tune. The opportunity would never come to play again, and I had missed the best thing, the most beautiful thing, because my piano was out of tune, that love it is with your heart tonight. Come, get in tune again, sing the songs and join with us.

With a promise to the Colonel that Selection "The Wanderer" should be part of the Grace Hospital Grand Event, and thereby absolving them of any blame for a further late home, the Citadel Band executed a denying ordinance.

The final event was "Rock of Ages" to that ever sacred tune. "Rock of Ages" and here again Mr. Agnew was the grand organ—the alternating soft and rolling clouds which he was adding greatly to the item. But it was too late for the audience to take in the full beauty of the piece. However, it was nobody's fault, and, of course, the Congress comes but once a year.

THE WILLIAM BOOTH

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